

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*Number 558 Week Ending
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE MAN WHO SAID NO IN THE WAR

See
Page
Four

WHICH WAY UP DOES THE PICTURE GO?

EITHER WAY FOR THE
MODERNSA Hundred Pounds Reward For
a Topsy-Turvy Canvas

HOW TO GET THE PRIZE

A determined effort made by the National Academy of Design in New York to keep up with Modern Art has ended rather sadly and has served to set the whole art world talking.

The committee of the National Academy, searching for the most modern work they could find on which to bestow a £100 prize, awarded it to a composition entitled *The Fossil Hunters*.

It may be that the title allured them, and that they thought the picture was not quite so modern as it seemed. But, when they had made the award and hung the picture on the line for all to see and applaud, it was found by the official photographer that the masterpiece was hung upside down.

The Puzzled Public

Nobody on the committee noticed it, and probably the puzzled public would not have been aware of it, but the artist protested. That, of course, was entirely wrong, because, as all these much-boomed moderns know, their best efforts are independent of such trifling matters.

In fact, when upside down their pictures can be praised for their colour and composition without prejudice.

There are, we know, some works of modern art which would not be so appalling if turned the other way up, or the other way round—with their face to the wall.

There is, for example, a ghastly canvas covering a whole wall in the Tate Gallery which would be better upside down; and, as a matter of preference, we should like to see the works of Mr. Epstein treated in that way. Many would agree that they would probably look much better.

What Everybody Said

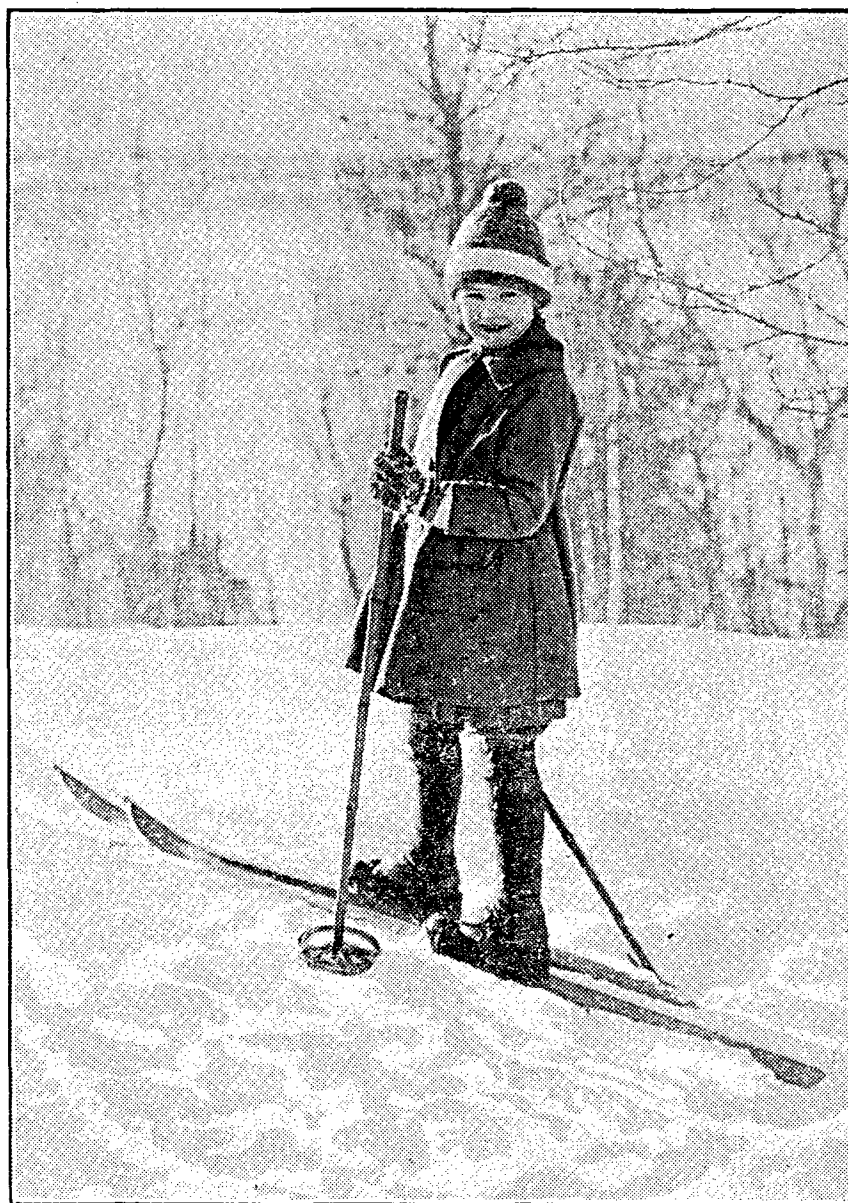
But the award of the New York Academy makes us wonder what would have happened if their committee had been so fortunate as to see the picture the right way up.

Anyhow, the thing that everybody said would happen has actually happened at last; the joke has come true. We wonder what the artist and the New York public think.

Does the artist still think it better to paint that sort of thing rather than pictures like those of Velasquez and Reynolds and Murillo, which have such an obvious top and bottom?

The picture has brought the artist the £100 prize, at any rate, and that will perhaps be a lesson to people who paint things as they are.

A Friend of Jack Frost



Thousands of people are now planning winter holidays in Switzerland, but this happy picture from Norway reminds us that Scandinavia has ski-ing slopes as good as any in the Alps. Ski-ing as a sport originated in Norway about 70 years ago.

DO NOT SPOIL OUR LITTLE TOWNS

WHILE people are most justly crying out against the spoiling of the countryside we feel that a word should be said about the spoiling of little towns by multiple shops.

Multiple shops are creeping in everywhere. We are not thinking of them as shops alone: we are thinking of their appearance. One can scarcely go into any small town of England without finding a row of quiet, friendly shops suddenly gashed into and spoiled by the modern shining front of the multiple shop.

The multiple shops would be quite at home in new townships or new suburbs, but the streets of the little old towns of England, which we take so much for granted, are something unmatched in Europe. The shops and houses are of all breadths, shapes, heights; their lines are often crooked. They lean a little against each other and seem to want room to look at the sky; but somehow in the passing of

generations they have elbowed themselves into a comfortable state. The passing generations, too, have given the stone or brick a dusky beauty that only Time can foster. There is nothing new or bright, except perhaps some new paint, and an English winter will soon tone that down.

Then one day the owners of some class of multiple shops descend on the neighbourly peace and charm of a town, buy two or three shops, set up a scaffolding. In a few weeks the boards are taken down and behold, in the middle of this old street, a garish and sometimes monstrously ugly multiple shop-front!

If the big shop must come (and it must), can it not be made to suit its surroundings, to fall in line with the architecture of a town? And are we ever going to see in England mayors and members of councils who care for their country and insist that the little old towns shall not be spoiled?

THE MAN WHO DID HIS DUTY

HERO IN WAR AND PEACE
A V.C. Who Missed the Prince
of Wales's Dinner

COURAGE TO THE END

Sergeant-Major John Crawshaw Raynes, V.C., has died in Leeds. He did not attend the V.C. dinner because his bed had been his battlefield for some three years past.

It might be said of him that he won the V.C. twice over at Loos.

Raynes, who was born in 1886, and was a policeman when war broke out, joined the Artillery at once and was soon in France.

On October 11, 1915, his battery was being heavily bombarded by armour-piercing and gas shells. On Cease Fire being ordered Raynes went out under an intense shell fire to assist a comrade, Sergeant Ayres, who was lying wounded 50 yards away. He bandaged him, and returned to the gun when it was ordered into action again.

A little later Cease Fire was ordered once more, owing to the intensity of the enemy's bombardment, and Raynes, calling on two gunners to help him, went out again and this time brought Ayres into a dug-out. The two gunners were killed.

Dashed Into the Open

Shortly afterwards a gas shell burst in the mouth of the dug-out. Once more Raynes dashed into the open to fetch his own smoke helmet and put it on the wounded man. Then he staggered back, badly gassed, to serve his gun.

Two days later a house was knocked down by a heavy shell, and a rescue party dug Raynes out of the ruins. He insisted on going back under heavy fire to rescue seven other men from the ruins. Then, as soon as his wounds were dressed, he reported for duty.

The V.C., who had been badly gassed and wounded, was discharged as physically unfit and returned to his work in the police force. But war had not done with him. He was a mouse which the cat would neither kill nor let alone. In spite of a plucky struggle he had to give up work and lie down to begin his dying more than three years ago.

This is the glorious story of a man who did his duty always, whether it was safe or not, in peace and in war.

THE ELECTRIC PLOUGH

Every year in France there are official trials of ploughing machinery, for France is a great country for producing crops.

Electric ploughs have been used in the vineyards, ploughs of five horse-power are used by market gardeners, and giant ploughs of 80 horse-power are used to till big farms. Electric ploughing is not new, but the French have developed it more than any other nation.

ON BEHALF OF THE PRISONERS

THE LAST WORD

Crown Surrenders an Old Weapon of Justice

THE RIGHT TO REPLY

A new step has been taken in English law for the better protection of the Prisoner at the Bar, who is presumed to be innocent till he is proved guilty. The King's law officers will not use the utmost powers of the law against him.

The Attorney-General or the Solicitor-General, who appear in serious cases as prosecutors of the prisoner, whose offence by legal supposition is said to have been committed against the Crown, have had for seven centuries the right to bring a weapon to bear against the accused that no other prosecuting counsel can employ. They can say the last word against him to the jury.

The Defence

They can always do so. Even if the prisoner cannot or does not call any witnesses on his own behalf, and the counsel who speaks for him has to be content with his one speech, the Crown's law officers can reply. They can do their best to demolish his case before the judge sums up to the jury.

No other prosecuting counsel may do this. If the prisoner has no witnesses, then the prosecuting counsel, after having produced the witnesses against him, makes his summary of this evidence and delivers his interpretation of its meaning to the jury. That is the final speech for the prosecution. No other can be made. The counsel for the prisoner may then do his best to demolish its effect. He has (and the prisoner he represents has through him) the last word.

The Impartial Judge

It has long been the opinion of the barristers in the English courts, and of many judges and eminent lawyers besides, that this is the fairest course.

In future, though since 1253 the Attorney-General always had the "right of reply," this right will be waived both by the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General. It cannot be set aside, but it will not be employed. Without it there is little fear of miscarriage of justice, for the real last word rests with the impartial judge. But it will make more certain that no prisoner, innocent or guilty, will be convicted because of the legal weapons employed against him.

A FAMILIAR FRIEND OF ALL MANKIND

T.P. Passes On

There was no better known and no better loved journalist in the world than Mr. T. P. O'Connor, familiar to all as T.P. or Tay Pay.

He was the Father of the House of Commons, representing Galway 1880-85 and the Scotland Division of Liverpool since 1885, and for more than 60 years he was a leading figure in journalism.

As a politician he played a prominent part in the stormy Parnell days; as a journalist he will be best remembered as founder of the Star and a populariser of good reading. He was one of the few men who have reached their Diamond Jubilee in active journalism.

A brilliant speaker with a magically winning voice, and an equally brilliant writer, his tongue and his pen were constantly used on behalf of good causes.

He will be greatly missed by all who knew him, and their name is legion. He probably wrote more biographies of public men than any other writer of his time; now we must read his own, with deep regret and affectionate memory for a kindly and familiar friend of all mankind. "Going, all are going, the old familiar faces."

C. L. N.

Thousands of Members THOUSANDS MORE BADGES WAITING

The C.L.N. has had a good beginning. It has already three thousand members, and we hope soon to be able to give an account of their whereabouts.

The Editor strongly appeals to all his boy and girl friends to send their sixpence and get the badge; nothing is there that we can do that will better help to secure Peace for the future than to pledge ourselves to keep faith with the Children's League.

The Casket of Peace

A delightful story has been sent to us by the New Zealand League of Nations Union.

Some Maori chiefs asked the captain and officers of the German warship Emden to meet them at a reception in Auckland. During the war the Maoris in their reservation at Ohinemutu flew a flag specially designed to depict a Maori warrior with a spear raised ready to give his enemy (a German) a final thrust. The Maoris decided recently to remove the flag from the staff and to place it in a casket which was locked with two padlocks, the key of one to be given to the Germans, the other to be kept by the Maoris.

The captain of the Emden was handed one key at the reception in Auckland not long ago, and he promised to give it to the authorities of the German navy as a symbol of friendship between the Maoris and the German people.

Greetings from Mr. Vernon Bartlett

The struggle against war, as against any other disease or plague which sweeps over the world from time to time, is bound to be a slow one.

Those of us who survived the last epidemic, which began on August 4, 1914, and finished on November 11, 1918, ought to do what we can to prevent its recurrence by seeing that disputes between countries are settled by right and reason instead of force, but we can hardly hope that the old tradition of war, although it is based on the idea of hitting someone smaller than yourself, will die out in our lifetime. Therefore I welcome most warmly the Children's League of Nations.

If it develops it will show that the child of today is a good deal wiser than his parents, which is as it should be.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the Badge.

Each letter should give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school. A card and badge of membership will be sent to you.



The C.L.N. Badge of Membership

There will be opportunities of making friends in your own neighbourhood and in other countries. There will be a Letter Exchange. There will be arrangements for visits to interesting places and scholarship tours to Geneva. And, most of all, there will be for all of us the great happiness of belonging to the first Children's League of Nations.

Further news will appear next week. In the meantime, please

Send sixpence (your first subscription of sixpence a year) with your name, address, age, and school.

THE LAST JOURNEY OF MR. BELLCHAMBERS

Sleeping Among His Dumb Friends

From the nurse who attended on our old friend Mr. T. P. Bellchambers during the last days of his fatal illness in his Animal Sanctuary in South Australia we have received a letter giving this last glimpse of that good man.

I am the nurse who nursed Mr. Bellchambers. He was very ill when I went to him, but I am sure he must have been a dear and wonderful man.

Mrs. Bellchambers, four sons, two daughters, and myself were present when he passed away on July 18, a rainy Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock. His end was peaceful—just a slight heart attack at the last. It was very sad, and outside his pets, birds and animals, seemed as if they were hushed for a time.

It was his wish to be laid to rest in the Sanctuary grounds, so he is buried on the hillside a short distance from the house. On the day of the funeral the rain came in torrents. The Sanctuary is four miles from the Government road,

Quickly

THE acceptance of the Kellogg Pact laid an urgent duty upon the Governments of the world. They have renounced war; how then can they continue to pile up the devilish machinery of destruction?

If the Kellogg Pact is to mean anything at all it must be followed, and followed quickly, by a general disarmament treaty accepted by all the Governments of the world.

Let us not imagine that the success of our coming Five-Power Conference can solve this great problem of disarmament. Naval disarmament might by itself for a short time save our pockets, but it could not save us from the menace of another war. It is the armaments on land and in the air which constitute the greatest danger.

The Naval Conference therefore must be followed by a general treaty in which every phase of militarism must be included.

Mr. Arthur Henderson,
Foreign Minister

and four motor-cars got stuck after they left the main road and about 20 mourners tramped to the house.

The bearers were sons-in-law and nephews, and the procession went around the winding hillside, over rock fern, through golden wattle, between the emus and kangaroos, and they and other pets came to the fences as if wondering why so many were tramping near.

The youngest son, Francis, will carry on the Sanctuary. He is a dear young fellow. Kindness and method are his two outstanding points.

One afternoon I went out to see the son "feed up," as he called it. He just called "Wally, Wally," and about 40 wallabies came hopping over the rocky hills. Then the kangaroos lined up along the fence. They all know their names.

A big hill rises from the back of the house, and in front it slopes away down and then rises again, and the golden wattle and purple lilac are a haze of beauty to look upon.

TEACHING FATHER TO SING

Choir Practice for the Congregation

A HAPPY IDEA FROM TONBRIDGE

If the spirit of old William Byrd, who made English music famous throughout Europe in Queen Elizabeth's day, could revisit his ancient haunt Tonbridge would have its warm approval. The parish church congregation is taking lessons in singing.

Public singing by crowds of people has in these days greatly improved the ear and the sense of time of the man in the street, and we have had community concerts at which songs have been sung in a way which would have done credit to a trained choir. It is to be feared, however, that the singing of church and chapel congregations still leaves much to be desired.

The Tonbridge idea is, therefore, excellent, and it will be specially welcomed by the choirs. Generally choristers dread singing by the congregation, for it is an unfortunate habit of the untrained congregation in some churches not only to sing out of tune, but to lag and drawl, so that the choir may finish a line half a bar ahead of the congregation.

England's Most Musical Age

If Tonbridge can get a whole congregation to sing well, what a magnificent sound the musical portions of their services will have, and what an example they will set to the rest of the country.

In perhaps the most musical age England has known William Byrd expected and desired that everyone should sing, and to encourage them he provided the people with sacred songs and anthems, and wrote matchless madrigals for the hall as well as for the cottage where a few musically-minded were gathered together.

It is from a few jottings, scribbled down on the back of one of these compositions, that we know his ideal of singing. "It doth strengthen all parts of the breast and doth open the pipes," he said. "It is a singular good remedie for a stuttering and stammering in the speech. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith: and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end." And then comes his famous couplet:

Since singing is so good a thing
I wish all men would learn to sing

We wish all success to Tonbridge and a multitude of imitators.

THINGS SAID

Human beings seem to learn more slowly than insects. Professor Einstein

Naval reduction cannot go too low for us. President Hoover

I hope to see the railings down in all the London squares. Mr. Lansbury

War, if it cannot yet be said to be dead, is finally doomed. General Smuts

Golf is hitting little balls and talking about it. Lord Dewar

He who sneers at the Press asks first for the newspaper when he comes down to breakfast. Lord Hewart

The League's frown will soon be more dreaded than a nation's arm.

The Prime Minister

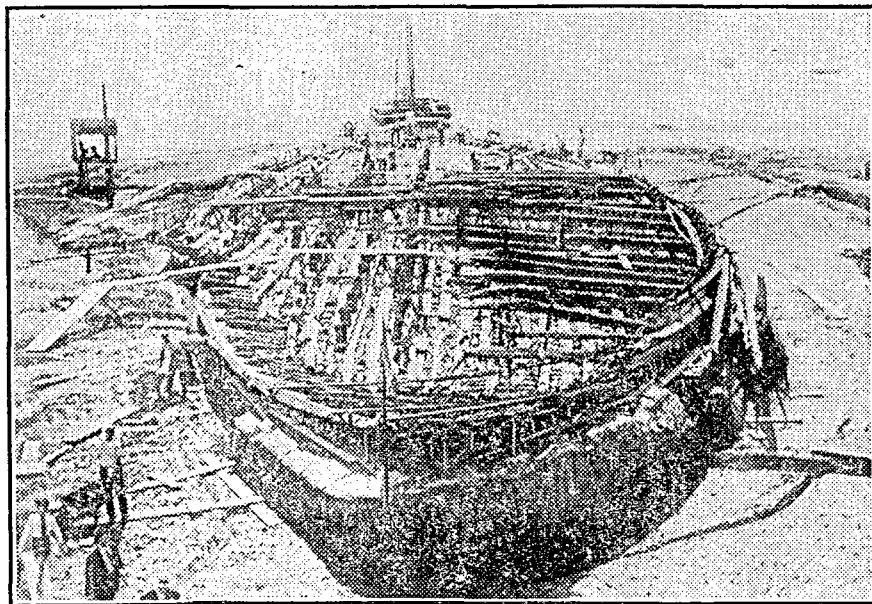
Consider the postage stamp, my son; it sticks to one thing.

Scout motto for the Week

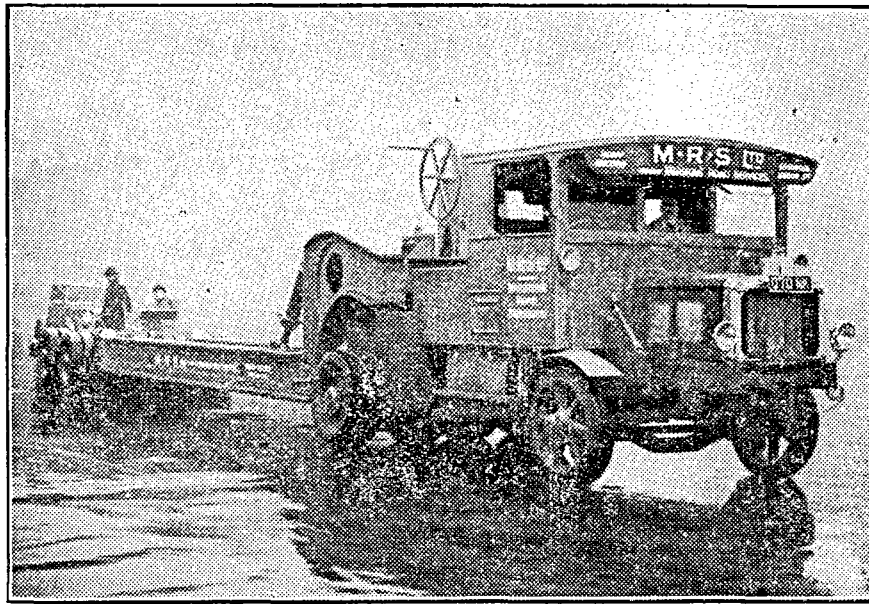
Over 300 kinds of animals are slaughtered for the clothes Nature intended them to keep. Mr. E. G. Boulenger

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth. Jesus

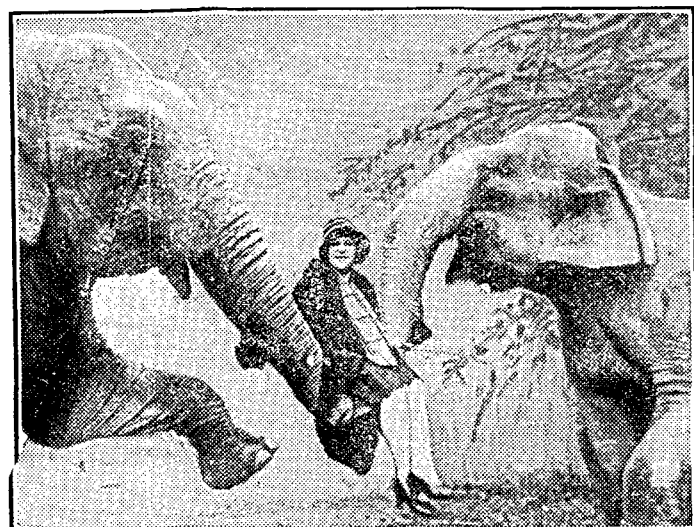
CALIGULA'S GALLEY • 14-WHEEL LORRY • EUROPE'S TALLEST CHIMNEY



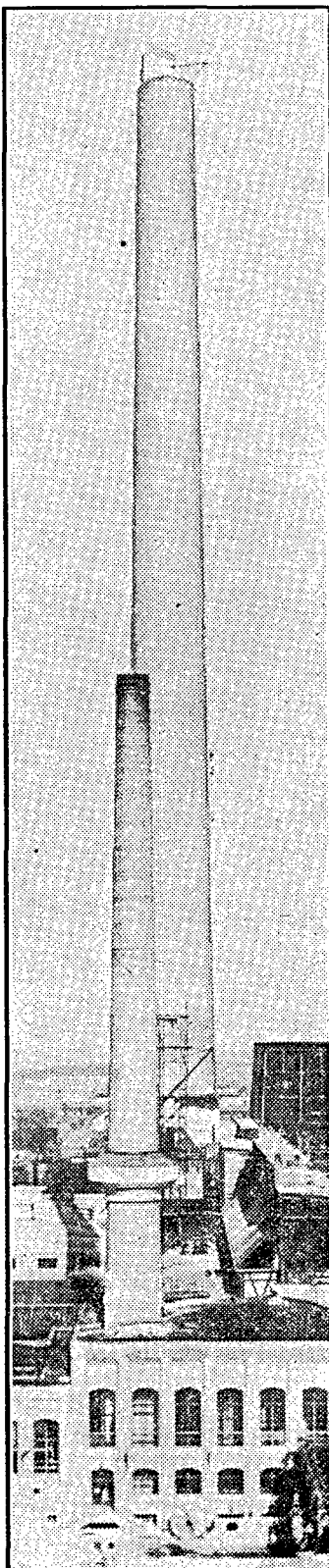
Caligula's Galley—The excavation of Caligula's galley from Lake Nemi has now revealed the shape of the vessel. Its size is shown by comparison with the figures in this picture.



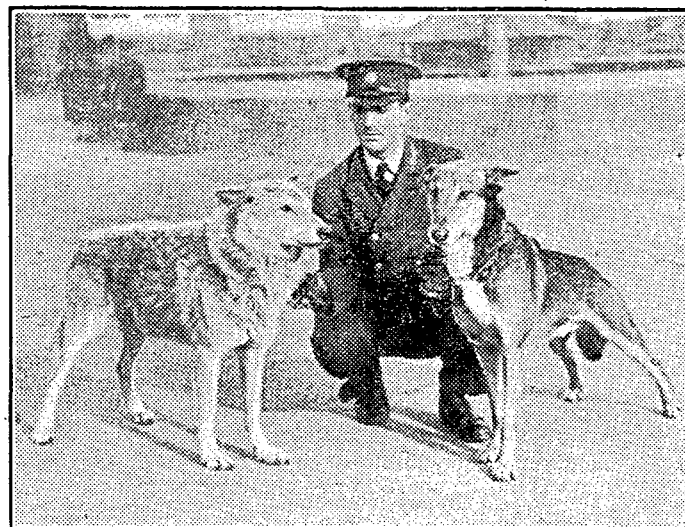
A Fourteen-Wheeler—This huge lorry has been designed to carry machinery weighing up to 100 tons. It has fourteen wheels. The guard communicates with the driver by telephone.



A Queer Swing—In this picture from Berlin we see how two elephants formed with their trunks an unusual swing for the wife of their trainer.



A Giant Chimney—Europe's tallest chimney, 511 feet high, has just been completed at Leipzig.



Exercising Wolves—These two handsome wolves at the London Zoo are taken for a run in the grounds every day by a keeper.



The Raging North Sea—Those who only know the seaside in the fine days of summer will be interested in this picture of a great wave breaking over the deserted promenade at Scarborough during a recent storm.



Big Railway Wagons—The L.M.S. Railway has brought into use steel wagons that carry 40 tons. Here we see a train of them with coal, being unloaded for the power station at Stonebridge Park, London.

FARMS MUST NOT BE RUINED

A MAN AND HIS LAND

When the Government Gives the Order and the Farmer Pays

THE NATION'S CONCERN

If an Englishman's home is his castle then his farm is his kingdom. Yet a man's farm is not his own.

We have just been through the National Rat Week Campaign to deal with vermin which are estimated to cost us seventy million pounds a year in waste and destruction, to say nothing of the diseases they spread.

Now, if the law were enforced there need be no need for a rat week. It is an offence punishable in the courts to harbour rats or mice. It is equally an offence to permit weeds to grow and seed upon farm and garden and open spaces. The police, if they do their duty, must prosecute anyone who offends in this matter and so causes the land and crops of his neighbours to be injured.

"I'll go to the Colonies and escape such tyranny," said one farmer when the law was passed.

Laws Against the Negligent

But these excellent provisions against the negligent first came into operation in the Dominions and in the United States. There, moreover, if a man permits harmful parasites to breed on his trees officers of state can enter, spray the trees, and send in the bill to the careless farmer.

Civilisation cannot continue if we live as laws unto ourselves, and certain British farmers are finding a new grievance in a new place because they expect to reap benefit from the State and do little or nothing in return.

A great scheme of land drainage is now in progress to make swamps cultivable and to rid existing farms of the sour moisture which robs them of half their food-producing value. Farmers reap the ultimate advantage, but, in order that they shall not be called upon in these hard times to strip themselves of capital over such work, the Government makes a grant in aid, paying a handsome proportion of the cost of the drainage work.

A Shock for the Farmer

The result is that in many cases farmers, although they know well the standard of work required of them in order to qualify for the grant, are carrying out their task just well enough to cost the sum which they expect to receive from the State, that and no more.

Fortunately the Government has inspectors who refuse to pass the work unless it has been completed in accordance with official requirements. This occasions bitter protests from men who aim at getting all their work indifferently done at the cost of the nation.

In one case such a farmer, proceeding on these lines, received a shock when he found a man, sent by the Government, re-doing the draining which he had had done in the cheapest and least efficient manner. Was not the land his? he demanded; was he not at liberty to do as he liked with his own?

Privileges and Duties

Decidedly he is not, he was told, if he consents to take a subsidy granted by the Government on the understanding that the work shall be well and thoroughly executed.

Property owners have privileges, but they have duties too. No man can do exactly as he likes with his own. We are, in fact, all trustees.

We hold our possessions on the understanding that we use them so that we shall not injure our neighbours or the prosperity of the nation.

WHAT A MAN DID IN THE GREAT WAR

And What the Great War Did With Him

We publish this week one of the most remarkable stories of the war that has yet been printed. It is told in Plain Tales from Flanders (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), by the Rev. P. B. Clayton, M.C., known all over the world as the Founder-Padre of Toc H.

It is not true that our officers in the war were men of the type shown in a famous play now on the London stage; our mothers' sons were not treated as the boy is treated in that play, where the English officer is the very embodiment of the spirit against which we were fighting. "The man who played for England," says Mr. Clayton, "were neither brutes nor wastrels; nor was the spirit which upheld them the enemy of light."

This is the story of one of our men in Flanders, and it seems to us a far more powerful indictment of war than all the ugly books and plays that have now become fashionable.

This is the story of M. He was, I think, within the first half-dozen officers to discover the true nature of Toc H. He had won the M.C. a few months before I joined the Division. He was still revelling in the war, which was to him little else than a rough amusing football match, exactly suited to displaying his ardent Irish spirits at their highest. He was popular in the best way both above and below.

When the War Was Over

I did not think at the start that M had depth behind. He had learned the code of the present generation, which regards a "heart upon sleeve" as the supreme indecency. The first I knew of the hinterland of his character was in a letter in which he writes on the problem of fortuitous preservation: why one should be taken and another left. His own mind was clear that, whatever the meaning of death, unsought security must compel very serious thought about the future. He put it to me that he would be prepared, if he came through, to try to find some work for God, not merely to prevent another war, but in the wider service of His Kingdom.

A few months later his name was definitely entered on the list of Service Candidates.

By this time he was on the Somme, and beginning, so I heard, to lose a little of that lightheartedness which, coupled with his fine soldiering, had been so wonderful an attribute. The iron was beginning to enter into his soul, and the sheer tragedy of war was threatening to engulf him.

A Dramatic Meeting

By Easter 1917 he was, I think, a Major of Signals, working sleeplessly to perfect his signals for the great battle immediately to succeed the Feast of the Resurrection. On the second or third day of the highly successful operations he came to his G.O.C., saluted, and announced that he had just come down from the line, and that it was his intention to cease to operate the Signal Service from noon that day.

The General, who must have well deserved his post, asked him quietly to repeat what he had said; as he was not sure that he had heard correctly. M did so, explaining that everyone who went to see the present state of the action at close quarters, the hell that had already been let loose and the further hell inevitably to follow if his signals did their work, must come at once to the conclusion that at all costs the thing must cease. A truce must be arranged, and a truce once made, he was well assured that neither side would be persuaded by any politicians to renew the war. He added that, before he broke the signals, he had seen that his duty was to report. He was there for him to do with him what he wished, but obey he could no farther.

The General

The General, whose name I have never known, stands finely in my mind. He told him he was quite plainly overstrained and did not know what he was saying; and no wonder, considering the service he had rendered and the almost entire absence of sleep and food. He would send for the Medical Officer attached to Corps Headquarters and report M sick, and nothing more, giving him whatever time he needed to recuperate, and return to his senses and his service. Nothing whatever should

be said about what had passed between them.

M told me that he was thrilled by this generosity; and, to save himself from breaking down under the kindness of it, declined it roughly, swore that he was not ill, that his mind was clear and his purpose firm. The war was wrong, and he would gladly give his life to end it.

Home

The General, still master of himself, suggested that the corps chaplain should be called, and the chaplain tried, poor fellow, to do his best by proving once again the justice of our cause. M told me, in a lucid moment later, that this was the most appalling agony of it all. At last he asked the General to send away the chaplain, and when this was done surrendered to the doctor. The doctor decided he was shell-shocked, dispatched him down the line, first in an ambulance to a C.C.S., and thence by train to the Base.

In both hospitals M's power of self-control gave way utterly. The sight of the suffering, which he felt was due in one respect at least to his late branch of the service, well-nigh maddened him. He cried "My God, my God, my work!" until he had to be separated altogether, and placed so far as might be out of earshot. He was sent to England, and kindly treated wherever he went.

On Putney Hill

After some three months he was in some measure restored. He then sent in his papers; and in fear of recruitment under the Compulsory Service Scheme he fled to his home in Ireland. There his mental health again grew serious. In December 1920 his mother told me that he had been moved to a mental hospital at Putney Hill. She warned me what to expect, but no warning could have prepared me for what I found: the ghastliest parody imaginable of the man whom I had known and loved, utterly broken in physique, laughing sometimes eerily at nothing, sobbing with a startling suddenness, refusing food and drink.

He knew me at once, and asked with plaintive eagerness for news of Talbot House. His questions were intelligible, but his mind could scarcely hold the simplest answer.

Peace

Having been prompted to do so, I tried to fall in with his mood and urged him slyly to drink to the health of Toc H in the egg-flip which lay untasted and rejected by him. With care and cozening, I succeeded in inducing him to swallow some of it. So successful was I in this that an old member of the House was set to be his guardian for these last few weeks. Again and again this pathetic toasting of Toc H worked as a momentary talisman, and to the end the name of the House was the only one to which his mind would respond. Broken, self-starved, mad beyond dispute, he died on January 9, 1922.

There are many things men say against which the mind, instructed by some deep experience, rebels. When men speak lightly of that war, or some other which is, they say, to come, my mind flies back to M.

When others vow, in all the bitterness of ignorance, that the responsibility of command cost good men nothing, I find myself once more leaving a house on Putney Hill.

THE CHILD HUNTER

LIFE IN THE GREAT FORESTS

Two Little Fellows Alone in the Wilds of Ontario

THE RAILWAY COACH SCHOOL

Not long ago a man went tramping through one of the great forests of Northern Ontario hunting children.

He was not seeking lost children. He was trying to track down children who might be living somewhere in the wilds. Just as the trapper looks out for silver fox pelts, he was looking for signs of a child's footprint or listening for the sound of a child's voice.

Woodsmen, miners, or trappers make their way into these vast forests far away from village or town. They live in solitary shacks, and their children would never learn to read or write if the Department of Education and the great Canadian railways had not hit on the idea of sending school to children who cannot go to school.

His Search Rewarded

Four railways cars are fitted up as classrooms, with sleeping quarters for the teachers, and they travel up and down on a 150-mile beat, making halts of a few days at certain sittings. The children from scattered shacks assemble at the sittings for each visit of the school coach, and when it moves on they take home-work back to the shacks.

The child hunter of whom we write was one of the railway coach teachers looking for any chance settler who might not have heard of the travelling school.

He was rewarded for his search by finding a wooden shack some 40 miles from the railway siding.

"Anybody at home?" he asked.

Yes, two boys of nine and eleven.

"Where's your father?"

Father was seeing to his traps, right down by Hudson Bay.

"When will he be back?"

Father would not be back for a long, long time.

"Where's your mother?"

She was dead. The two boys were left to look after themselves all alone in that forest in the depth of winter.

A Wonderful Christmas

The child hunter took them back to the railway coach and built them a little house by the siding thatched with spruce and banked with snow. There the three had a wonderful Christmas together, and there the boys heard the story of Bethlehem for the first time. Just before school broke up for the Christmas holidays the schoolmaster found that 26 of his 28 pupils did not know the meaning of Christmas.

Some of these children would grow up like savages but for the railway coach school. Others would grow up unable to speak or write the language of the Empire to which they belong, for it is said that about 90 per cent of the settlers are alien immigrants.

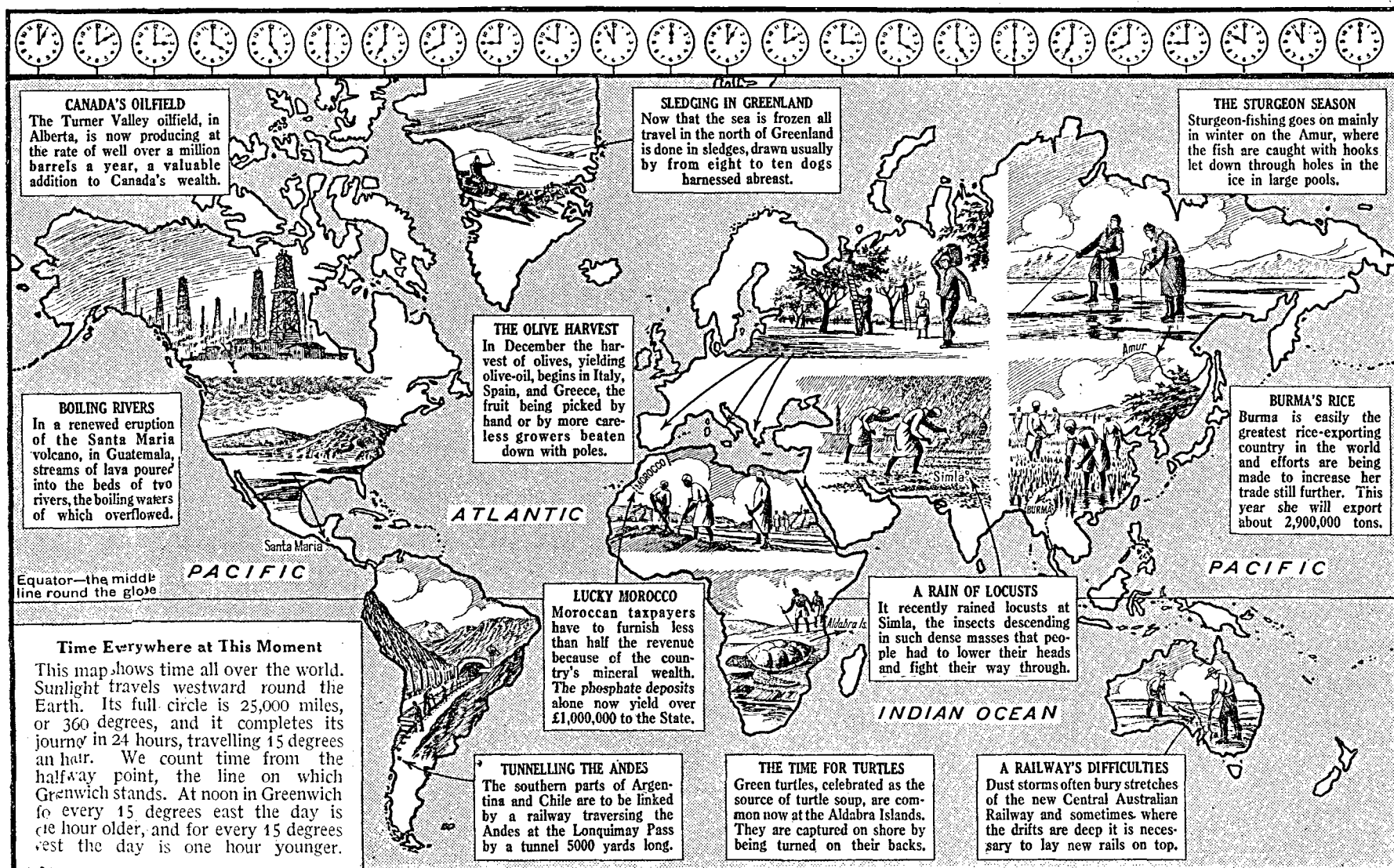
Light in Darkness

When the children's lessons are done their parents come to the coach at nightfall, asking to be taught English and arithmetic and the use of maps. Enthusiastic teachers work all day and half the night bringing light to the forest dwellers.

And never was any school more popular. A writer tells of children paddling canoes thirty miles to get to school, or making long journeys on snowshoes. How dreary life would be in the wintry forest but for the books and pictures of the school coach!

No school attendance officer is necessary for the travelling school.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



Time Everywhere at This Moment

This map shows time all over the world. Sunlight travels westward round the Earth. Its full circle is 25,000 miles, or 360 degrees, and it completes its journey in 24 hours, travelling 15 degrees an hour. We count time from the halfway point, the line on which Greenwich stands. At noon in Greenwich for every 15 degrees east the day is one hour older, and for every 15 degrees west the day is one hour younger.

LIVE ANIMALS ON A JOURNEY

The Sympathetic Railway

The C.N. recently mentioned the overcrowding of a crate of poultry at Paddington Station, as witnessed by one of our readers.

We are sure that all who have a sympathetic feeling for dumb creatures forwarded by rail will be glad to know, as we are assured by the Great Western Railway's superintendent of such traffic, that the staff have strict instructions that risk of suffering must be avoided.

Any receptacle for the conveyance of dogs, poultry, and so on, must have ample ventilation, with room to stand and move about. Food and watering must be provided en route, and any complaints of cruelty are fully investigated.

If the conditions are not fulfilled the staff are justified in refusing acceptance of a package for conveyance. The senders are responsible for providing suitable receptacles. Guards are instructed to provide water on the way, if it should be necessary; and if there is any delay stationmasters must provide food and water.

The regulations on these points are considerate, and we are assured that they are carried out with much attentive kindness by the staff.

Why, then, may instances of suffering and apparent neglect occur? There is a good deal of poultry traffic booked through from abroad to London, and the railway company is not responsible for its acceptance. Though the same care and attention are given to it as would be given if the traffic originated on the railway system, there is not the same degree of control as when the traffic originates on the railway system.

It is only fair that the arrangements and the attitude of the company should be made known.

A LITTLE SEA FOR 99 YEARS

One More Good Thing

By Our League Correspondent

Czecho-Slovakia, land-locked in the heart of Europe, has been longing for some sea. Now it has it.

For 99 years it is to have possession of a strip of land at the mouth of the River Elbe, and its goods may travel direct to the ocean. The agreement just concluded with the Hamburg Senate was drawn up under the direction of a commission of three, a German, a Czech, and a British delegate, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles.

Bit by bit the tangle left by the war gets straightened out and causes of strife and ill-will are removed. This settlement is obviously at the expense of Germany, but it is at least a fairer transaction than the one permitted while war passions were still rampant, when the arrangement of the Danzig Corridor was made to satisfy the demands of Poland for access to the sea.

A WOOD CARVER IN GRAY'S INN

The new library of Gray's Inn is decorated with some wonderfully fine carving in the style of Grinling Gibbons. The story of the carver is of more than common interest.

It appears that the architect some 30 years ago came across a seaman engaged in whittling a piece of wood and was struck by his skill in using his jack-knife. Getting into talk with the man, he soon discovered that he was not merely an ingenious whittler of wood but an artist capable of original and decorative design and a keen student of natural forms. In the end the architect engaged the ex-seaman as a regular worker on his staff, and ever since that time this 20th-century craftsman has been in his service, steadily improving his work until his carvings of festoons of fruit and flowers are worth journeying a long way to see.

600 BOATS IN A GALE

Fate of Scottish Fishermen

On Armistice Day, as Big Ben struck the hour, the first drops of rain in London began to fall on heads bared for the Silence. Elsewhere in the country, from South Wales to East Anglia, a furious storm raged.

It was at its worst off the East Coast, and the fishing fleets that had put out from Yarmouth and Lowestoft felt the full force of its severity. But the storm bore hardest on the Scottish fishing fleet, which abstains from fishing on the Sabbath and had not put out till Sunday was past. Their boats were barely thirty miles from harbour when the gale swept down from the North Sea. They fought it for hours. Two boats sank, but happily neighbouring trawlers rescued their crews.

In the House of Commons the Secretary for Scotland described the losses as a disaster. Some 600 boats lost 31,000 nets, which cannot be replaced for less than £150,000. To many an unfortunate Scottish trawler it was the end of the season and a shattering loss to members of the crew.

In South Wales there were snow and rain heavy enough to cause floods, and a landslide swept away cottages.

40 YEARS AWHEEL

Mr. D. G. Kerridge, known as the Father of L.M.S. dining-cars, who had charge of the first dining-car ever run out of Euston, is to retire after 40 years with the L.M.S.

Very different is the splendid restaurant service on trains of today from that of 1889. Only nine meals were served in that first dining-car on the noon train from Euston to Manchester in 1889. Nowadays 224 meals can be served from one kitchen car at a sitting.

In those days there were only ten platforms at Euston, and the station-master and signalmen wore top hats!

THE LORD MAYOR'S OTHER GUESTS

A Chance for the Picture Papers

Most people think the Lord Mayor gives his guests turtle soup. That is true. But not always.

For over forty years the Lord Mayor of London has given a second banquet in the East End. There is no gold or silver plate, but there is much more gratitude, for the guests have better appetites than the guests who dine at the Mansion House.

This year 2150 very poor people sat down to pork pies, plum cake, fresh rolls, apples, and tea.

It is only once a year that the Lord Mayor pays for this meal, but the meals go on all the year round each Sunday evening at the Great Assembly Hall in Mile End Road. On one Sunday the King is host, a custom he has kept up for twenty years. More hosts are wanted.

State banquets find their way often into newspapers and on to the screen, but few people hear of the Sunday teas which bring the hungriest folk one good meal a week, or of the daily breakfasts given by the East End Mission to children who would else go breakfastless to school.

What a pity it is! Perhaps if the picture papers gave us fewer portraits of smart society folk and a few more photographs of ragged little Bill Smith eating a doorstep they would think what a lot of kindness there is in the world and want to add a bit more kindness of their own. Aldermen and prime ministers and royal princes (and even actresses) must be sick of being photographed at their meals, and it would be a change for Bill Smith. Will our dear newspaper camera-men give him a chance one day, please?

Disarmament for Every Man

See the striking article in the Christmas Number of My Magazine—now ready

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 30 1929

The Nation is Growing Old

PARLIAMENT was told the other day that while at the beginning of the century there was a grandchild for every grandparent, by the middle of the century there would be two grandparents for every grandchild. It is a fact full of importance for us all.

Not very long ago, at the end of the nineteenth century, the children of England outnumbered the elderly and old.

Since then a rapid and startling change has taken place, so remarkable that everybody should be acquainted with the facts. It is important because the change means that the nation is *actually growing old* because fewer children are born.

We take a census every ten years, and the last census was in 1921. It was then shown that there was a great fall in the number of children not over nine.

If we take the children not over four years old, there were 3,854,000 in 1911 and 3,322,000 in 1921, a fall of 532,000 in only ten years. Taking the children from five to nine, there were 3,697,000 in 1911 and 3,519,000 in 1921, a fall of 178,000 in ten years.

Another count of the people will be taken in 1931, but without waiting for that we are unfortunately able to say that there has been a farther fall in the number of children.

It is very interesting to see what proportion of the population is formed by the children under five and the people over 55.

Year	Under 5	Over 55
1911	10.7 per cent	11.6 per cent
1921	8.8 per cent	13.7 per cent
1928	8.1 per cent	15.8 per cent

In these 17 years the children under five have fallen from 10.7 per cent to little more than 8 per cent of the population, while the people over 55 have increased from 11.6 to nearly 16 per cent.

It is probable that in ten years only about 7 per cent of the population will be little children, while those over 55 will have risen to nearly 20 per cent.

By that time, too, the population of England and Wales will probably have begun to fall as a whole, following the example of Scotland, Ireland, and France.

The effect of these changes on the national life is already profound and will become more and more apparent as time goes on. The nation will have a smaller working force, and a smaller proportion of young and energetic workers. Fewer schools will be wanted as the children fall in numbers. The nation will form a smaller proportion of the world and will be unable to people the Empire as it has done in the past, because there will be fewer young people to emigrate and elderly people do not want to emigrate.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Wanted, A New Window-Tax

WE are sorry to see that there is growing up a pernicious habit in some wretched little buildings (even in the Strand) of blocking up the windows with advertisement boards.

In the old days the Chancellor of the Exchequer taxed a window that gave light. We suggest that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should now tax all windows that do not give light.

The Good She Did Lives After Her

WE hope the beautiful epitaph of Hannah Spofforth was not destroyed by the fire at Howden Church. This is it:

Benevolent to her dependents; hospitable to her acquaintances; faithful to her friends; affectionate to her children; devoted to her husband, to his interests and to his happiness, her virtues were known to every person except herself.

She died a year after Waterloo, but the good she did lives after her.

Pay at the Door

AT first sight an invention to prevent the front door bell from ringing till a penny has been put in the slot seems to promise peace and prosperity. Such a pleasant way of making money!

Small boys who rang the bell even before November to ask us to Remember the Guy, and who shortly will be ringing it again for Good King Wenceslas, would have to reconsider the position.

But there are drawbacks. People who had made a wrong call would want their money back. Unwelcome guests would think their penny conferred a right to come in. And it is quite likely that ingenious small boys would invent something less valuable than pennies to make the slot work.

It hardly seems to be, when we think of it, a pennywise invention.

The Cruel People

THE other day an inspector entered a basement room in the East End and, opening a dark, evil-smelling cupboard, found there three cages, four inches wide and six inches deep, each containing a wild bird. The birds were blind.

In the East End singing birds are matched against each other as a favourite amusement for their owners; and because these owners think blind birds sing better they pierce the eyes with red-hot needles. It is very difficult to detect this wound.

While a handful of rich people amuse themselves by torturing stags a handful of poor people amuse themselves by mutilating wild birds. No class has sins or virtues all its own.

Yet on the whole we are a kindly people, and it is certain that in another generation the handful of cruel people still left among us will have disappeared altogether. God-speed to their passing.

Beginning With I

A STORY of a small Scot of five years old comes from a school in which the C.N. is used in Essex.

The teacher called on Form One for words beginning with I, and the small Scot was first to answer with *Illapotamus*.

The Golden Age

WE are living in a golden age, and I say with great deliberation that the English people today are better clothed, better fed, better housed, and better educated than they have ever been in the history of our country.

Sir George Newman

Tip-Cat

A MAN who had been eight times round the world has just been married. Into the best circle?

PEOPLE who are always singing are seldom ill. What about their neighbours?

MANY men leave the house in a bad temper every morning. Before they go out they must put it out.

WE read of a popular actress that so many who buy tickets insist on seeing her that she can take no holidays. It seems terrible.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a blunt policeman should go on point duty

SOME people are different folk when they are at home. Others merely indifferent.

THERE is nothing like a cold spell says a doctor, to kill disease. It is so effective that it sometimes kills the patient as well.

A LAWYER complains that no woman ever gives a correct age. But what is a correct age?

It is said that a man's life-story can be read on the lower part of his face. Lip-reading?

AT a fishing competition music was supplied by gramophone. Did they have a record catch?

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

EIGHTY working girls weeded and tidied up the Bishop of London's garden last summer.

JAPAN has converted a scrapped battleship into a floating reformatory for boys.

THE Tail Waggers have raised £10,000 in their first year, to be spent on behalf of dogs.

LAST year 151,000 trees were planted in the Balfour Forest, Palestine, making 208,000 trees in all.

The Crater Pool

The big shell-hole near Ypres known to soldiers as Lone Tree Crater is now filled with rain and called the Pool of Peace. We give a picture of it on page 9.

WHERE once there was beauty came mire,
For Man sent the guns and the wire,
And Man sent the gas and the fire,
And Man brought the poison and blight;
But afterwards, after the night,
A beautiful thing came to pass,
For God sent the dew and the grass.

GREEN cloaks to black ruins He gave,
A wreath all of red for the brave,
Bright flowers for their grave,
And earth that was pitted with shells
He silvered with beautiful wells.
For instantly when our sins cease
God covers them all with His peace.

Chutky

THE interview was not going very well. It was between a keen American shopkeeper and a boy just down from Varsity.

The manager was interviewing the lad in his great store.

"Ever attended classes in the art of Good Salesmanship?" he snapped.

"Never."
"Why, over in the States they are quite common; oh, I daresay even in little old England you have a few. I was sure you hadn't been. We set great value on these classes of ours. England's slow, very slow. Come on, my boy, just give me your idea of a good salesman. I have twenty more to interview."

The boy raised his sensitive face to the round red face regarding him.

"A good salesman (he said) ought to be what the Russians call *chutky*, sir," he said quietly. "The word means a person who is aware of atmosphere, and of what is going on about him. And—"

But the Man of Business cut him short with a radiant smile, and held out his hand.

"Son, you've been reading the Life of my favourite author, your glorious C. E. Montague!" he cried. "The writer points out that Montague was chutky, and that one word of Russian has remained with me. You are right. Get into your customer's mood and he will be gracious. I engage you. If you love Montague and understand what it means to be chutky I have the highest hopes of you. I am clever enough to know that I'm not very good at feeling the pulse of a situation myself (I began to try so late), but I shall watch you with much optimism."

A Servant of God

He that planteth a tree is a servant of God.
He provideth a kindness for many generations,
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.
Henry Van Dyke

THE FIRST TRAIN TO ALICE SPRINGS

WHY IT WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

The Opening-up of Australia's Vast Lonely Spaces

DOCTORS JUST IN TIME

There was a man in Australia the other day who had a very bad pain. It got worse and worse till he knew that he would die unless something was done.

He did not send for the doctor because there wasn't one. But telegraph poles run for ever across the bush, and from his lonely station he rang up the nearest nurse, who lived 200 miles away at Alice Springs.

People who live in England can hardly imagine what it must be like to live 200 miles from the District Nurse. They are brave folk who do it.

When the call reached Alice Springs Sisters Inglis and Cavanagh, who live there, had just returned from a patient 80 miles away. They set off again, travelled all night, and found that the man with the pain had acute appendicitis.

The Call for Help

They took him back with them, travelling all day, and made him as comfortable as they could in their nursing home. The nursing homes of the Australian Inland Mission are usually primitive places, but they have wireless telephones.

The call for help went out. There came back an answer from civilisation; a surgeon chanced to be coming from Adelaide, a thousand miles away.

A few years ago Alice Springs was only a telegraph station, but a railway has just crept out to it, and on the very first train to run into Alice Springs (recorded in the C.N. a few months ago) came the surgeon. He had intended to spend a holiday in the Bush, but when the call for help came he packed a bag full of instruments and dressings, and brought an assistant.

What the Surgeons Said

There was no operating-table, no steriliser, and no chemist's shop at Alice Springs, but they managed to save the man's life. "He was lucky," said the surgeons; "it was just in time."

They refused to take any pay, and they presented their instruments to the little Home in case some other doctor passing by should need them for an emergency operation.

Then the good surgeons were prepared to begin their holiday. But Alice Springs would not let them. It was a priceless opportunity to see a doctor, and they were called upon to do all sorts of things, including the extraction of 18 teeth for one man and 22 for another.

"We shall never forget the first train to reach Alice Springs," say the Sisters.

Stay-at-home readers might ask with a shiver: "Then if there had been no train to Alice Springs the man must have died?"

A Wonderful Air Service

No; for, failing all else, an aeroplane would have brought a surgeon, or if the patient had been lying in some lonely shack with no nursing sister at hand an air ambulance would have gone to carry him to a hospital. The C.N. has told before of the wonderful medical air service which has taken half the terror out of life in the wilderness. That splendid work goes on, and is said to be daily extending.

Even the most ardent lover of the past must rejoice at the thought of living in an age which has brought wireless and aeroplanes to the brave and lonely people whose lot is cast in the great Australian spaces.

AN ANCIENT LAND TO RULE ITSELF

MESOPOTAMIA will be the first of the Mandated Territories of the League to come of age.

Our Government has now announced that in 1932 it will recommend it for admission to the League of Nations as an independent State.

Our part under the Covenant of the League has been to give administrative advice and assistance until such time as the Arab Government was able to stand alone. We concluded a treaty with the

King of Iraq (as the politicians have now named this ancient land) in which our relations with him and his Government were clearly set out, and every year we have reported how matters were progressing to the Mandates Commission of the League.

This November our representative described the system of parliamentary elections and stated that political parties were taking form, happily not based on religious lines.

ONLY A MONTH TO CHRISTMAS



The ingredients for the pudding arriving on the training-ship Stork at Hammersmith



Tasting the pudding as it is being mixed at the Merchant Seamen's Orphanage, Wokingham

Christmas puddings are now claiming the attention of cooks everywhere. The boys and girls in these pictures will no doubt enjoy their pudding better for having made it themselves.

HAPPY GIRLS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

WE have received from the pupils of the Osborne Ladies College at Blackheath, in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales, an account of their college which we feel sure will interest the pupils of such educational institutions everywhere. It seems to stand as a school quite by itself, and the C.N. is glad to find itself in such a breezy place.

It takes its name from the Osborne College of the Royal Navy, and the aim has been to have in it the tone, discipline, efficiency, orderliness, and ardour that signalise the British Navy.

It must be remembered that it is through the Navy that Australia comes into most direct contact with Britain. A distinguished admiral, Sir Dudley De Chair, has been the Governor of New South Wales for six years. The Navy means much to distant Australia.

The college uniforms take suggestions from the naval uniform. The college

flag is the White Ensign. The divisions of the college are called ships. The daily routine has reminders of naval smartness and promptness.

The situation of the college is beautiful, with mountains close at hand. Among the outfit requirements are "strong shoes and boots for mountain climbing." In physique equally with scholarly attainments Osborne College has cause for pride. It draws its pupils from a very wide area. The Principal, Miss Violet Gibbins, has won congratulations from a great array of distinguished visitors for the completeness of her success in carrying out her idea of a school modelled on the spirit of the Navy.

A breezy spirit, as if of the mountains and the Navy, comes to us with the greetings of its pupils who, we are glad to hear, think of themselves as our friends. We send our love to these happy young folk of the Blue Mountains.

THE SINGAPORE PUZZLE

WHAT TO DO WITH THE NAVAL BASE

Government Decides to Slow Down the Work

AWAITING DISARMAMENT

The Government has a curious difficulty to face with regard to the great naval base the Admirals want at Singapore.

When Mr. MacDonald became Prime Minister for a few months nearly six years ago he decided against the Singapore base planned by the previous Conservative Government, but when the Conservatives came back to power at the next General Election they revived the plan and did a great deal towards carrying it through. It is not easy at this time of day to scrap all this work and go back to where we were. Yet the Labour Government is of the opinion it has always held—that the scheme is not only unnecessary but dangerous, as, instead of guarding against war in the Far East, it would tend to provoke it.

For and Against

The Admirals say we need a great dockyard in the Far East in which battleships can be repaired, and that without it we cannot keep the fleet needed for the protection of Australia, New Zealand, and our Pacific and Far Eastern possessions. The opponents of the scheme declare that there is no need to defend what no one wants to attack, and that to show distrust of a friendly Power like Japan is to provoke competing armaments which might lead to war.

In the intervals between the two Labour Governments a great floating dock has been towed across the world from the Tyne to Singapore, and contracts have been signed for building a four-million-pound graving dock. Already something like two million pounds has been spent out of money subscribed by New Zealand, Hong Kong, and the Malay States, while the Government of the Straits Settlements has made a free gift of the site.

But in January there is to be the big Conference of Naval Powers to consider the reduction of naval armaments, and it may well be that the Singapore base will disappear by agreement! So the Government has decided that no new work shall be undertaken there and that the work in progress shall be slowed down as much as possible.

THE COLUMBINE CUP

How to Keep a Birthday

The C.N. rather thinks it started the fashion of giving away its birthday.

Be that as it may, Mr. Edmund Phillips has just celebrated his fiftieth birthday by giving the Victoria and Albert Museum a Columbine Cup.

Toward the end of the sixteenth century the goldsmiths and silversmiths of Nuremberg made a few of these flower-shaped cups in precious metal. This particular one is distinguished by the possession of a cover. It was made by Christoph Jamnitzer, a famous silversmith, whose loving hands wrought it with scenes from the Bible and figures symbolising the sciences.

How he must have smiled upon his diploma piece (for such it was) when it stood new and glistening on his table! But he could hardly have dreamed that four centuries later we should be gazing at it in a museum.

POLICE AND THE TALKIES

A PHILADELPHIA IDEA Why British Justice Allows Itself to be Deceived

A BAD MAN'S RECORD

The police in Philadelphia have a new sensation. They have introduced the Talkies as a new weapon of justice.

When a person is charged with a serious offence the camera is taken into the police station and while a kinema picture is taken of his actions a sound-recording machine takes the speech he makes in answer to the charge.

Such a thing would be impossible in England. Here everything is done to prevent a suspected character from being taken off his guard. He is warned that whatever he says in answer to the charge may be taken down in writing and used against him. There is no attempt to trick him into confession, no desire to repeat things against him in court which he may have been surprised or frightened into saying.

A Motor Bandit Case

Let us suppose that a notorious criminal is arrested on a new charge. The police know him by his right name of Smith, let us say, but he is posing as Jones. In this country the fact of his identity will not be disclosed in the charge which will be brought against him under the name of Jones.

British procedure was perfectly illustrated in a motor bandit case the other day. The ringleader was known to the police as a man many times convicted. He chose to call himself by a name which the police knew was false. He was charged under the false name, and appeared before the judge under it.

Not until the jury found him guilty did the police tell the court the man's real name and record. *The jury had actually been deceived throughout as to the identity of the criminal before them, and had believed him to be now on trial for the very first time.*

Tried on the Evidence

That is a great fact about British justice. Had the jury known that they had a desperado before them they might easily have assumed that he would naturally have committed the offences with which he was charged, and they might have convicted to some extent on suspicion.

As it was they tried a man of whom they knew nothing simply and solely on the merits of the evidence. He had as fair a trial as though he was in a criminal court for the first time.

If a man has sinned a thousand times it makes no difference to procedure in our courts; he is tried as though every offence were his first, and is held not guilty until proved guilty.

FIFTY THOUSAND GOOD TURNS

The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of Canada have found a splendid way of giving a happy Christmas to poor Canadian children.

They have started a chain of Christmas Toy Shops under the auspices of the Boy Scouts, and from these they send out toys and dolls to poor children. About 90 of these shops were established last year, and more than fifty thousand children received gifts.

Working together, the Scouts and Guides collect all the broken dolls and discarded toys, and carry them off to their various workshops. When these are mended and presentable again the Scouts and Guides dispatch these toys to children who would not otherwise receive a Christmas remembrance.

THE ROBBER AT THE SLOT MACHINE

In this age of complicated mechanism few things are more ingenious than the automatic machine which delivers an enormous variety of goods to us in exchange for the coins which we drop in the slot.

Unfortunately, as like tends to produce like, such praiseworthy enterprise is followed by enterprise entirely unworthy. The machines are unguarded and the prey of any dishonest hand which chooses to insert a bogus coin. It was explained in a London police court the other day that there exists an organised industry, a special manufacture of discs, stamped out of sheet brass and milled like the edges of genuine coin. Raids on a wholesale scale are conducted, and the proceeds sold to unscrupulous dealers.

In a Darkened Shop

A C.N. reader who owns a variety of these machines expects one-tenth of his takings to be spurious coin or forged discs. If the frauds do not exceed ten per cent he still makes a profit. Naturally he would prefer his full lawful dues, and as he pondered one day over a bowlful of bad money and other worthless things from his machines he worked out a plan.

That night, in a darkened shop, he hid behind one of the largest of his machines with the end of the money slot open. There he crouched, alert and ready, like George Duckworth keeping wicket for England against Australia. As the coins clattered through the machine they passed out to him and he caught them, murmuring softly to himself: "How's that, umpire?" Then he turned on a little electric torch and saw whether his catch was genuine or not.

Presently, out from the machine, came a little brass disc in place of a shilling, then a second, and then a third. The torch showed him what he had got, so he slipped out at a side door and caught a man with three shilling packets in return for three brass discs.

Caught Red-Handed

The shopkeeper is an old naval officer and a good man with his hands, but he has also a sense of humour. He grasped the thief and took the packages from him. But what was to be done with him?

There was no policeman in sight. He could not march him off to a police station; he could not or would not take him prisoner into the shop.

"Who wants a man caught red-handed?" he asked aloud. There was no reply, and the situation grew increasingly embarrassing. He did not really wish to prosecute, but only to frighten the offender, so at last he said: "Now I am going to take you to the police station. Don't you dare to move while I get my coat and hat."

He went in, and to his great satisfaction heard the sounds of hasty footsteps. When he came out there was not a soul in sight. And very thankful the shopkeeper was, for the fright had been enough; since that night he has had no further robberies.

ROCKS AHEAD OF TELEVISION

Some alarming possibilities of television have been explained to the actresses whose features are to be televised at the Chicago Wireless Exhibition.

If they come on to the stage as beauty unadorned, the television camera, scanning their features with casual indifference, will leave much of them out. The fairest of the fair will come out, when their features are transmitted, like "animated pumpkins."

They must black themselves in for the camera's eyes; but then to the ordinary eye they may look like "aged walruses."

It is an odd choice for them. It will be long before television enables others to see us as we see ourselves, but that has always been a difficulty.

THE GROOM AND THE PORTER

What We Read Between the Lines

TWO VERY GOOD FELLOWS

"What are you reading?" they asked an invalid, who lowered the newspaper to reply: "I always begin with the notices of births, marriages, and deaths."

Then, with a twinkle, he added: "And I am always rather disappointed not to read about my own death!"

Glancing down that column the other day someone else said: "A foreigner would think that England's population consists solely of barristers, rectors, and colonels, with their female relations. At any rate they are the only people who ever die, judging by this column."

Suddenly the reader was checked, for at the end of the list, and side by side, as the alphabet brought them, she read:

STUMP. At Itton Court, Chepstow, suddenly, John Stump, for 40 years stud groom in the family there.

WARWICK. On Oct. 30, 1929, Joseph H. Warwick, late Hall Porter, the Marlborough Club, after 59 years of loyal service.

Told In a Few Words

The other notices could mean nothing to strangers, but these two told in a few words nearly everything about two lives. No need to tell us that John Stump and Joseph Warwick were trusty men, kind men, proud men, who did their work as lovingly as an artist does his. No need to tell us that John Stump sat up night after night with sick animals, or patiently taught little children to ride, or kept his stables a picture of sweetness and neatness. No need to tell us that Joseph Warwick was like a father to the young club servants, and the counsellor and confidant of the members.

No need for saying "We have lost a friend in him; we shall miss him and remember him always."

The mere fact that a groom and a porter appear among the barristers and colonels says more than all this. It is all there, between the lines.

CENSUS OF THE POULTRY RUN

The Astonishing Army of Birds

A dear little girl known to the writer, when her father bought a house twenty miles out of London, was filled with the romance of country life. "Now that we have come to live in the country," she proudly said, "Mummie is going to keep a hen!"

Many Mummies must be keeping a hen nowadays; many of them seem to be keeping more than one. An official return shows that poultry in England and Wales, on holdings of one acre and upward, number no fewer than 42 millions. That seems a huge total, yet it takes no account of the millions of poultry which thrive on allotment holdings and in the back gardens of tens of thousands of houses which have not an acre of ground.

When we realise that in Government egg-laying tests such birds as Rhode Island Reds and White Leghorns lay over 200 eggs a year we get a useful hint of the growing value and importance of this industry to the country.

Ought we to be surprised that the duck population declines in our midst? We have half a million less of these birds today than we had two years ago, the total, for the same size of holdings, being now down to just over two millions.

Turkeys, surprisingly enough, come next to the poultry, though a very bad second. They fall little short of 700,000, outnumbering geese by 80,000 and being 100,000 more than a year ago. Norfolk alone of the English counties is rearing nearly 76,000 turkeys.

SHAKE HANDS ALL ROUND

WHY NOT?

The Collection of European Peoples in America

WE ARE ALL THE SAME

Now that the heads of Britain and America have shaken hands on behalf of their respective nations we may well call to mind the marvellous composition of the great Republic with which we have thus disavowed the possibility of war. For the greater part the Americans are transplanted Europeans. The present population of the United States is as nearly as possible 122 millions, and of these about 111 millions are white people and about 11 millions Negroes and half-castes.

A World Mixture

The 111 million American whites are drawn from every white race. We cannot say exactly what the composition is at this moment, but the following figures are probably near the truth, and are estimated from the American census figures:

	Millions
British	68
Germans	13
Italians	4
Russians	3
Swedish	2
Dutch	2
Norwegians	1
French	1
Canadians	4
Other Whites	12
Negroes and other coloured races	12

Total 122

We see that America is a great mixture of peoples, mainly Europeans. Every European nationality is represented and every other race in the world.

All this is important to remember because we, a European people, have, by shaking hands with America, *shaken hands with a collection of European peoples*. This raises some very important considerations.

If we can agree with America, a world mixture, why should we not shake hands with the mixture of peoples we call Europe?

The United Kingdom

Europeans are, neither inferior nor superior to the Americans; *they are the same*. War becomes reduced to an absurdity when we consider that in America a mixture of 122 million people drawn from every nation in the world can settle down together, work together, and admire each other's achievements.

Let us remind ourselves that the United Kingdom itself is a mixture of very different peoples. It is not only that we are a compound of English, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish, but each of these groups consists of people differing very widely in racial origin. A man of Norfolk is very different from a man of Cornwall; a man of Yorkshire varies greatly from a man of South Wales.

The United Kingdom is a little league of nations; the British Empire is a bigger league. Now that this league has shaken hands with the United States, another league of peoples, it is not a very great step for the world to shake hands all round.

SILVER PLATING ANYTHING

Some time ago, the C.N. told how almost anything could be plated with rubber by the brilliant invention of Dr. Sheppard.

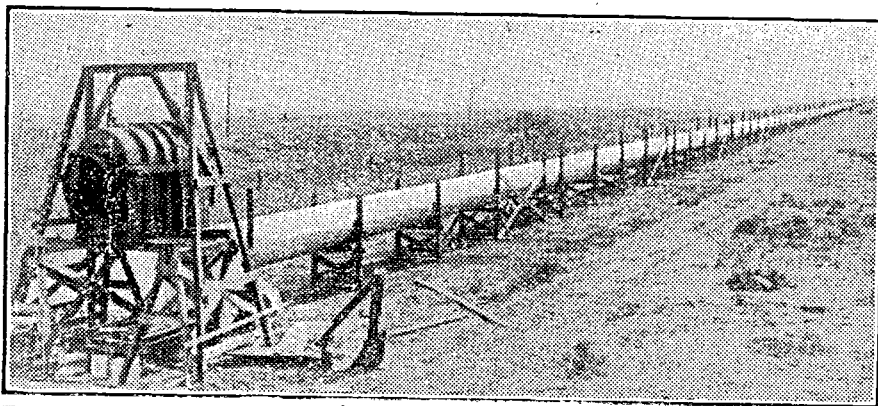
Now comes news of a new invention by which wood, stone, leather, and even dress materials can be silver plated or plated with any metal that will make them weatherproof and waterproof. It is not an electro-plating process; the metal is melted and, after being mixed with compressed air, is blown through a fine nozzle and sprayed like a mist over the material.

November 30, 1929

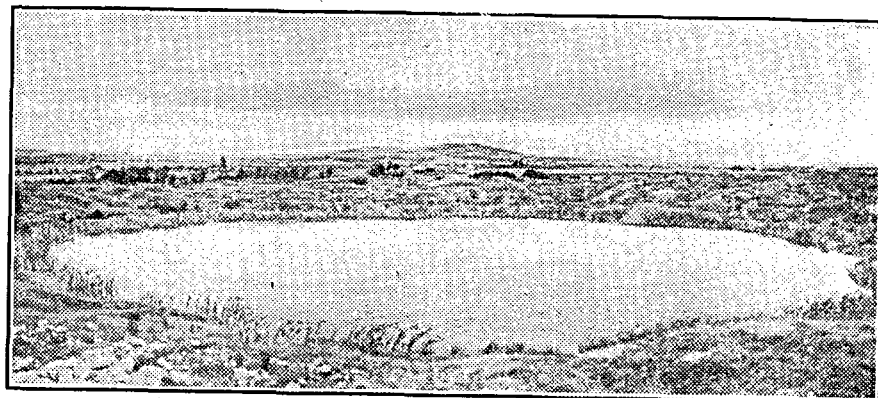
The Children's Newspaper

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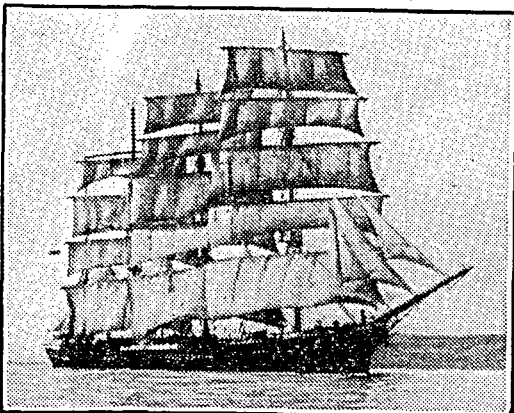
THE POOL OF PEACE • SCOUTS AS BUILDERS • MAYORESS AT ELEVEN



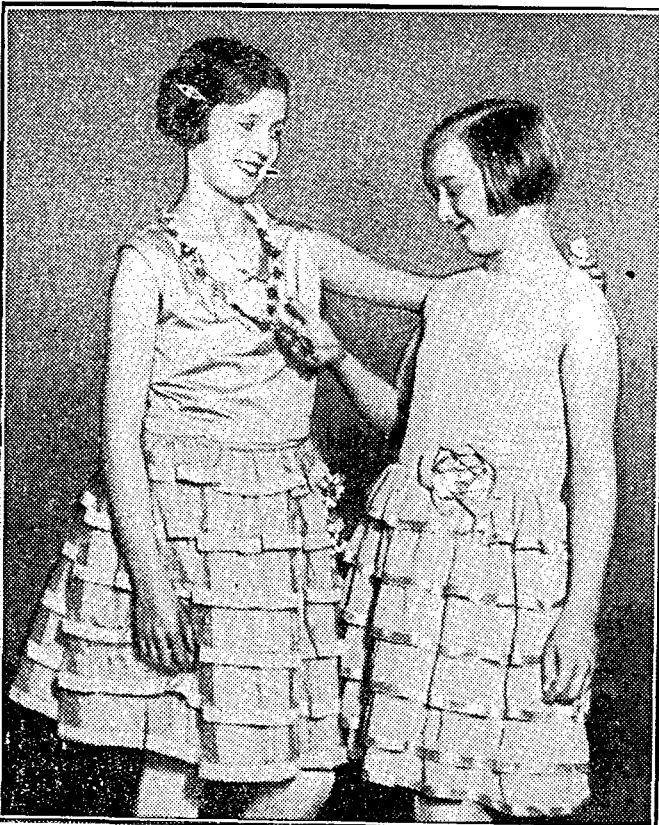
Testing the Speed of Light—Here is one end of the tube a mile long which has been made on a ranch at Santa Ana, California, in connection with Mount Wilson Observatory, for Professor Michelson's experiments to test the velocity of light. See page 10.



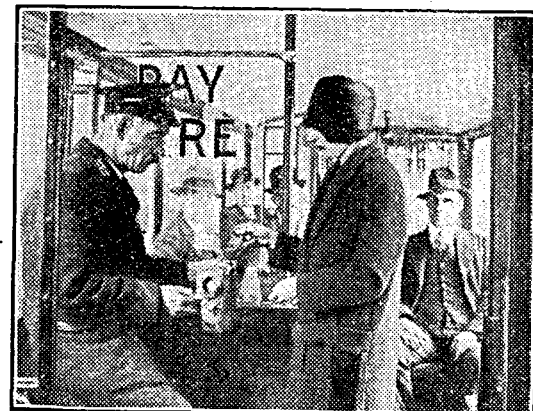
The Pool of Peace—Efforts are being made to secure as a Pool of Peace the Lone Tree Crater in Flanders. The crater, caused by the explosion of a mine, is near Mont Kemmel, which can be seen in the background of this picture. See page 6.



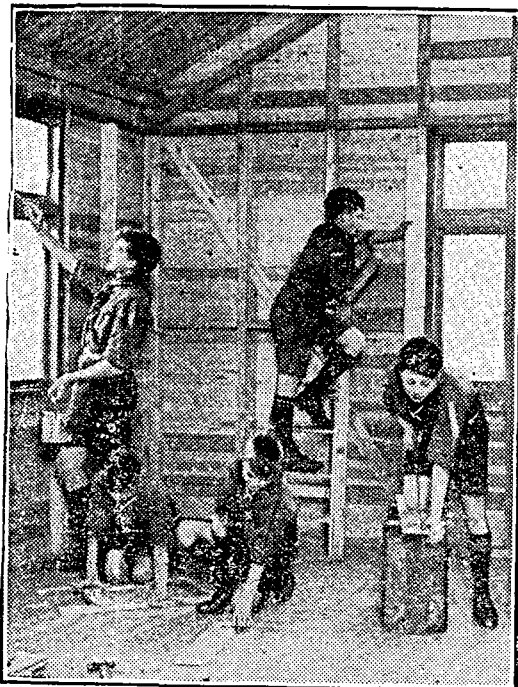
Beautiful Ship Aground—The Garthpool, one of the last of the great sailing ships, was recently driven ashore on Boavista Island, off the west coast of Africa.



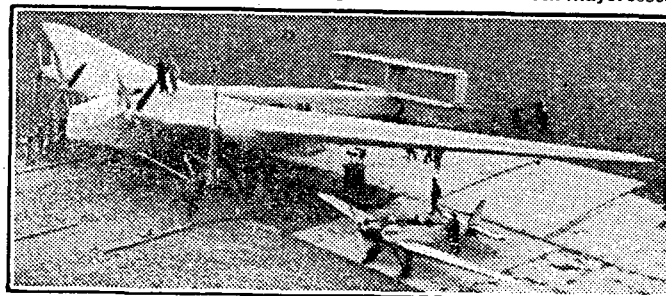
Mayoress at Eleven—Margaret Wilson, who is only 11, has become the Mayoress of Ossett, in Yorkshire. In this picture she is showing her chain of office to a friend. Both her grandmothers have been mayoresses.



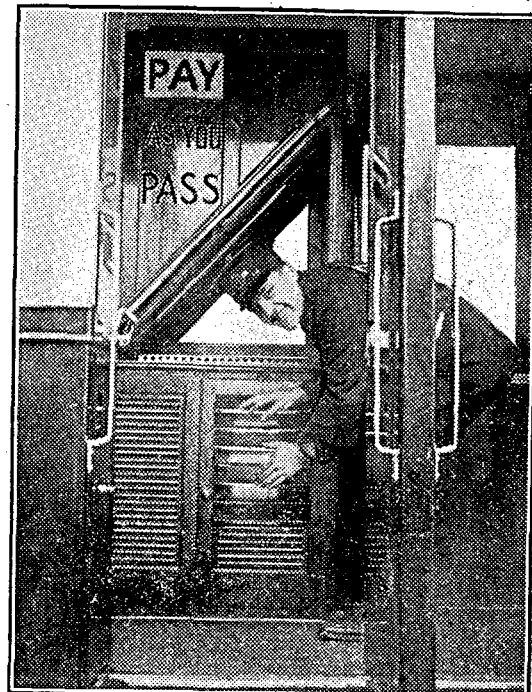
Pay as You Enter—A new Metropolitan tramcar in London has the pay-as-you-enter system. The conductor sits by the door with a little ticket machine and issues tickets.



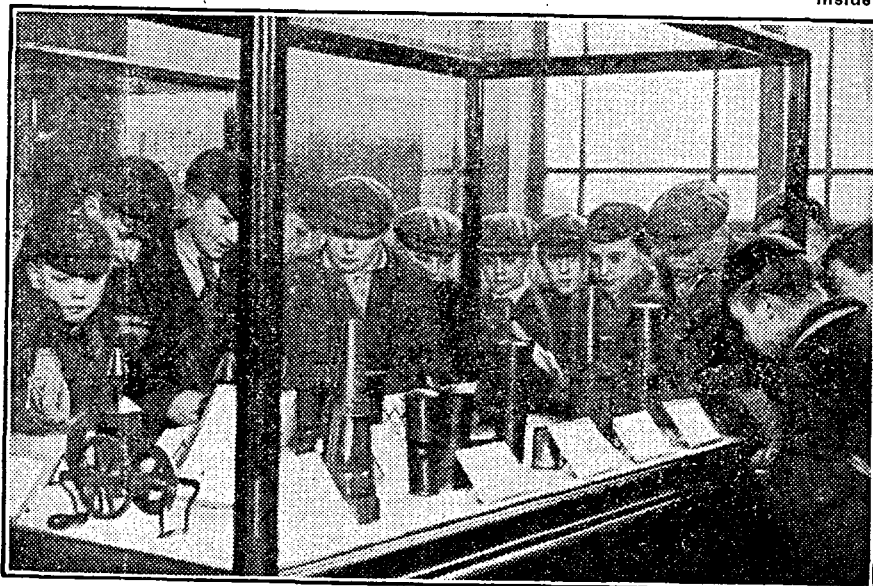
Scouts as Builders—The Scouts of Chalfont St. Giles have built their own headquarters, including the furniture, in their spare time. Some of the boys are here seen at work.



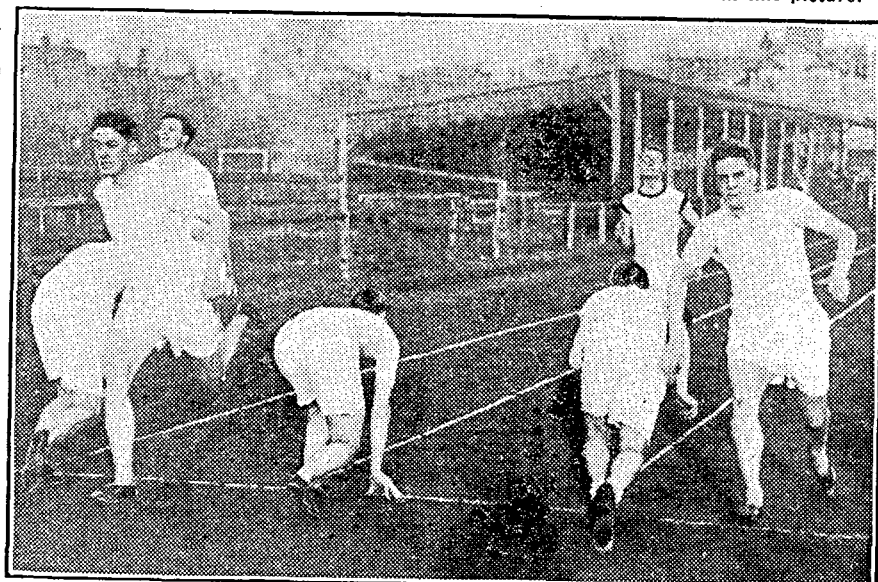
Giant German Aeroplane—The small aeroplane in this picture gives an excellent idea of the huge size of the new Junkers monoplane beneath whose wing it is sheltering. The big machine has passenger quarters inside the wings.



Improving the Trams—The new London trams in which passengers pay as they enter are heated by electric radiators, one of which is shown in this picture.



A Scientific Exhibition—These schoolboys are inspecting the miners' safety lamps invented by Sir Humphry Davy and George Stephenson, which are included in an exhibition of historical, scientific apparatus at the Science Museum, South Kensington.



Oxford Relay Races—An interesting departure from the usual practice was made at the recent inter-college relay races at Oxford, some of which were run to and from white lines and without batons. Here is the change-over in a sprint race.

IN PERIL ON THE SEA

The Splendid Feat of an Aberdeen Trawler

COURAGE IN THE STORM

Heroism will not be denied. Skipper George Summers, who has already appeared as a life-saver in the C.N., has again risked his own life and saved others in the stormy seas off Fair Isle.

His former gallant deed was when he jumped overboard in a gale to save the life of a fellow-fisherman who proved to be his own father and was dragged aboard half-drowned.

On the later occasion he and his crew on board the Aberdeen trawler Strathgugie rescued from certain death part of the crew of the Danish schooner Marta.

Superb Seamanship

The Marta had run into a violent gale on her voyage from the Faroe Islands, and was sinking when her rockets of distress were seen by two trawlers of which the Strathgugie was one. The Strathgugie's skipper manoeuvred her close in the darkness, but in the breaking seas could do no good till the first faint streaks of dawn.

Skipper Summers signalled the Marta to throw out ropes, but the Marta's crew misunderstood him, or else thought they could row their small boat to the trawler. It was swamped.

The Marta's captain was drowned. Six other men of the crew were left struggling in the water. With superb seamanship Summers, in face of the greatest difficulties and risks to his own ship and its crew, brought it up to each of the struggling men in turn and got them safe on board.

All this took place in a wild sea and with a full gale blowing, and the feat is rightly famous in the annals of the Aberdeen trawlers.

A BOOK OF NATURE STORIES

Books on Wild Life are always welcome in these days, and the New Nature Book for boys and girls (6s.) is a delightful production.

Lovers of the open air will find it more interesting than a story book, for it brings to our fireside the marvellous ways in which birds, beasts, and reptiles live, hunt, and make their homes.

Naturalists who have gathered their knowledge from the meadows, woods, and hedgerows of our Little Treasure Island or in lands overseas contribute fascinating chapters.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

One result of the new Charing Cross Bridge scheme will be the destruction of the Old Vic Theatre.

A Mayor Recalls His Boyhood

The new mayor of Aylesbury has been reminding his fellow citizens that as a boy he used to push a wheelbarrow through the town.

Challenger Men

It appears that Mr. William Allwork, who died the other day, was not the last survivor of the Challenger Expedition after all. There are three others, all naval men.

A Busy Lifeboat

The motor-lifeboat at Rosslare Harbour, County Wexford, in answering seven calls in a month saved 29 lives and five fishing-boats.

Lake Nemi's Lost Millions

In the attempt to find Caligula's galleys, one of which has already been exposed, the level of Lake Nemi has been reduced by forty feet, 5000 million gallons of water having been removed.

A Book in 621 Tongues

We hear from the Bible Society that at least one book of the Scriptures can now be obtained in 621 tongues, nearly double the figure the C.N. gave the other day.

BOOKS THAT WILL LIVE And Paper That Will Last

A difficulty which has harassed the mind of every good librarian is passing away. A paper has been found that will last.

For a number of years the fear has been present that the paper on which the books of the day are printed would not last fifty years. The old books, though their paper may be yellowed by Time, have lived stoutly through the centuries.

Modern paper, machine made, rolled, and pressed, sometimes with the application of heat, is not sound like the old hand-made stuff. This is specially true of the shiny-surfaced papers on which pictures and illustrations are printed. Many librarians, having carefully examined their books, declare that in one or two generations from now the paper will all have rotted.

This appalling prospect is now removed by the discovery and manufacture of a chemically-prepared pulp paper (most papers for print being made from wood pulp) which will last and defy the hand of Time. The new paper is dearer than ordinary paper, but not too dear. It will serve for books that ought to last, and books not worth preserving can be printed on the cheaper stuff.

THE STREET PIANO MAN

Times are changed since the Cambridge poet wrote of the "Grinder who serenely grinds."

The organ grinder no longer comes from sunny Italy, bringing his monkey with him. He is a true-born Briton who profits by the Aliens Act to keep the thriving business of organ grinding in native hands.

Not organs, but street pianos, are let out by firms which charge half-a-crown a day for their hire. Five hundred of these pianos echo in London day by day, and are turned by men who make a fair living out of them.

Who now can say we are not a musical (and charitable) people?

It has just been stated that the nicknames of the hirers are often the only ones by which they are known to the piano-organ firms. They include such names as Tubby, Long Alf, Tiny, Dad, and Sausage, and they seem to indicate a friendly disposition rather than a musical bent.

At any rate, there must be a good heart somewhere that lets out pianos to Tiny and Sausage and asks no questions.

THE SAD TALE OF A LONG PIPE

Monsieur Claude, the famous French inventor of the way of getting power from the sea by bringing up the warm water from below to the colder surface, has had a very sad mishap.

Warm water was to be pumped from the sea bottom on a Cuban coast, and Monsieur Claude went out to Cuba some months ago to prepare his work. He built there a huge pipe six feet in diameter and a mile and a-half long.

When the pipe was finished it was towed out to sea, but the sea became very rough, and the pipe broke in pieces and sank to the bottom.

Monsieur Claude has not given up his idea; he has returned to France and hopes to build another pipe and try again.

His tube was probably the longest ever made, but it is closely rivalled by the wonderful tube a mile long made for Professor Michelson on a ranch at Santa Ana, California. This tube is for use in connection with the professor's experiments to test the velocity of light and is associated with the Mount Wilson Observatory. *Picture on page 9*

UNDER A SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE Berkshire's Oldest Deer

Beneath a spreading chestnut tree at Milton, in Berkshire, the owner found, when he cut the tree down, the fossilised antler of a deer.

Some forty thousand years ago the deer may have bounded in the primeval British forest which then covered all these islands to the verge of the chalk hills of Wiltshire or the Downs.

Some further excavations are being undertaken at Milton by the authorities at South Kensington to find whether this antlered deer had any contemporaries of note.

What a find it would be if near by could be found the skeleton of the hunter who chased the deer—another Piltown man!

WIRELESS TELEPHONES FOR OCEAN TRAVELLERS

It is more than six years since the White Star Line tried wireless telephones on the Olympic.

It was a great novelty, but people did not use the Atlantic telephone as much as had been expected. That may have been partly because it was not anything like so simple or convenient as it is today.

A short-wave telephone equipment is now to be put on the Olympic, so that passengers will be able to talk to their own homes and offices all the way across the ocean. If this proves successful all the big White Star liners will be fitted with wireless telephones.

SPECTACLES FOR ALL?

"Spectacles for to Read!" was an old street cry. Spectacles for doing everything may soon be a new custom.

Two experts of the Industrial Health Research Board have made a discovery. Even people whose sight is normal need special spectacles for doing fine work such as examining steel balls, embroidering hosiery, filing fish-hooks, and so on. Greater comfort is secured, and more and better work can be done, as the eyes do not grow tired. In fact, the power of the eyes is increased, for they are relieved from any possibility of strain.

The discovery will bring yet another benefit to mankind, for less of the precious eyesight of our workers will become damaged through overstrain.

PUTTING NURSE IN HER PLACE

She was a young nurse who could have earned £200 a year, but chose instead to work at a clinic in the East End for £12 a year. A greater enthusiast never breathed.

One of the first cases she had was an urchin with a skin trouble called impetigo. Said Nurse to the Mother:

"You must be very, very careful to keep your little boy away from others. He is dreadfully infectious."

For some reason this offended the mother. Perhaps she thought infectious was a long word for dirty. At any rate she got up and said:

"Oh, is he? Well, if it wasn't for the likes of my Tommy the likes of you wouldn't have a job!"

She certainly had the last word.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Rembrandt etching . . .	£3500
Painting by Lucas Cranach . . .	£2250
Elizabethan oak table . . .	£2150
William III gilt inkstand . . .	£377
18th-century silver tray . . .	£827
Charles II caudle cup . . .	£453
George II bullet kettle . . .	£444
Irish silver salver . . .	£304
Queen Anne coffee-pot . . .	£280
Manuscript by Conan Doyle . . .	£245
Sheraton mahogany sideboard . . .	£220

ARE YOU AN OPTIMIST? A Witness From the I.L.O.

By Our League Correspondent

To have confidence in the future and courage to look forward to it is how M. Albert Thomas, Director of the I.L.O., recently described an optimist, and frankly declared himself to be one. (We have never been in any doubt about this, and are profoundly thankful for the unquenchable quality which illuminates every thought and action of this friend of working people.)

The occasion was the Seamen's Conference, which had bristled with difficulties but had won in the end, even on the thorniest subject of discussion—the Eight Hour Day for seamen. The resolution to place this on the agenda of the Maritime Conference next spring was passed by 76 votes to 17, and the Director gave figures to show how opinion had changed in favour of the reform since the I.L.O. first brought it forward. On the first occasion the motion to deal with the question was lost. Since then votes in favour have steadily risen, being at different times 57, 58, 63, 78, and now 81 per cent.

M. Thomas is optimist enough to express the hope that next time *all* hands will be up in favour of giving the Eight Hour Day to seamen.

THE MOVING STAIRCASES OF LONDON

Seeing that even a moving staircase costs about £7500 it is not surprising that £5,000,000 would be needed for only the first instalment of the proposed extension of the Piccadilly railway from Finsbury Park to Enfield.

It is stated that at present there are 38 escalators in London, and new ones will appear sooner or later at Highgate, Camden Town, and Leicester Square.

Clapham South has the highest moving staircase, with a vertical rise of almost 60 feet, beating Oxford Circus by only one foot. The lowest is one of the Tottenham Court Road escalators, which has a rise of a little over 16 feet. At Liverpool Street there are reversible and Up and Down escalators.

It is wonderful how people become used to new things. The earlier escalators, running at 90 feet a minute, kept many passengers trembling on the brink, afraid to step on to the moving stairs; but nobody now seems to mind the new escalators at Piccadilly which move at 100 feet a minute.

OLD LYMORE IS COMING DOWN

A good tenant might have Lymore, a most beautiful timbered house near Montgomery, for £1 a year, plus rates and taxes and repairs.

It is the repairs which have proved the stumbling block. In this historic old house, belonging to the Earl of Powis, was fine oak panelling, a noble staircase, oak floors, and much that made it all glorious within, but outside it was going to rack and ruin because it was too large for its noble owner to live in or to maintain.

Nobody wanted it. The Office of Works refused it as a gift to the nation. Its reason for refusing was the sound one that it had already undertaken the repairs of as many old castles and buildings as it could deal with.

An offer made at large to wealthy Americans who might like to transplant it produced no response. So poor Lymore is to be pulled down, and soon Britain will know this lovely old relic of the days of Charles the Second no more.

There is money for new cinemas and Old Masters, but not for architectural beauties in decay.

JUPITER AT HIS NEAREST

THE EQUATORIAL BELTS
Clouds Whirling Along at Over
28,000 Miles an Hour

THE STORMY PLANET

By the C.N. Astronomer

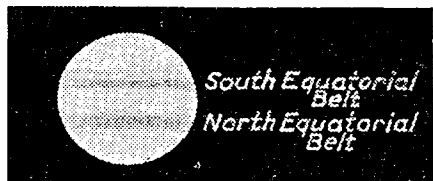
Jupiter, which is now so splendid in the south-east sky, will on Monday, December 2, be at his nearest to the Earth, about 378,200,000 miles away.

He is now at his brightest, and appears at his largest as seen through a telescope. This amounts to an apparent diameter of 45 seconds of arc.

If we say that forty discs as large as this could be placed across the apparent width of the Moon we may get some conception of how large Jupiter appears and why we cannot see his sphere with the naked eye. Very little magnification, however, is needed in order to see it.

Even good field-glasses or binoculars will show him as a tiny disc if he is looked at through deeply-tinted glass sufficiently darkened to remove his radiant glare. (The tinted glass should be placed over the eye end of the glasses, which should be made steady against some support.)

A telescope with a two-inch lens will show in addition Jupiter's North Equatorial Belt of cloud and his South Equatorial Belt of cloud, together with the polar flattening of his sphere. This flattening is much more considerable than in the case of the Earth, amounting to 5900 miles; whereas on our little world it amounts to only 27 miles. Jupiter's polar diameter is 82,800 miles, while that of the Earth is but 7900 miles.



Jupiter seen in a small astronomical telescope

This immense bulging of Jupiter's equatorial regions is due to the great speed at which he rotates, his vast circumference turning completely round in little more than 9 hours 50 minutes. This is 27 times faster than the equatorial regions of the Earth travel, so the clouds covering Jupiter's equatorial regions swirl along at the terrific pace of 28,200 miles an hour.

The cloud regions to the north and south of this great Equatorial Belt travel somewhat slower, but at varying speeds, so that some great belts of cloud race past others at the rate of about 200 miles an hour. This is at hurricane force, far in excess of anything of the kind on Earth.

A Little Boy on Jupiter

What wonder, then, that great cyclones and other storm disturbances should arise in the vast atmosphere of Jupiter. Some are large enough to envelop the Earth.

An exceptional number of such storms occurred during the year 1928 in both the North and South Equatorial regions, particularly in the south, appearing as light and dark spots that travelled at a great rate across the planet and into the calmer, and what we might call the anti-cyclonic, areas adjoining. These storm disturbances have been dying down this year, but recently fresh storms have occurred in his Northern Hemisphere.

One effect of Jupiter's polar flattening is that everything would weigh much more at the polar regions—so much more that a little boy who weighed 11 stone at Jupiter's equator would find he weighed 12 stone at Jupiter's poles.

This may seem an absurd weight for a child, but on Jupiter, owing to his great massiveness, everything would weigh about 2½ times as much as it would on Earth.

G. F. M.

TREES TO GROW FOR A POET

A Living Memory After
2000 Years

VIRGIL'S WOOD

Trees are to grow and bear leaves of remembrance for a poet of two thousand years ago.

Five hundred years and more have passed since Vittorino da Feltre had this charming idea. At last it is going to be carried out. People with ideas have to be very patient in this world.

Vittorino was a lover of poetry, especially the poetry of him who has been called the Prince of Latin Poets. How pleasant it would be, said the scholar, if part of the soil of Italy were consecrated to the memory of Virgil and planted with his favourite trees and plants. A marble statue of Virgil would not be half so good a memorial as a living wood, for marble is dead, and Virgil's verse flourishes for ever like a young tree. Besides, was not the poet a great lover of trees?

So said Vittorino in 1400, but nothing was done. The idea was brought forward again in 1797 and 1910, but only to die of frostbite like an unwary flower in January.

Next Year's Celebration

However, the time is ripe at last. On October 15 next year Italy is going to celebrate the bi-millenary (the second thousand year) of Virgil. The poet, who was born 70 years before Jesus and gave the world the Aeneid, is to be honoured up and down the land. There will be speeches, processions, and unveilings, and there will be a Virgilian wood.

Ten acres have been set aside near Pietole, the poet's birthplace. The site slopes down to the River Mincio, and very beautiful it will be when the planting is done. Only the trees and flowers mentioned in Virgil's poetry will be found there. Every growing thing will call a quotation to mind.

Let us hope that in some other star the gentle souls of Virgil and Vittorino da Feltre know something of the wood which one inspired and the other planned so long ago.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is the Capital of Russia?

Since the Revolution it has been transferred from St. Petersburg (now called Leningrad) to Moscow, the old capital.

Why is Air Lighter When It Contains Water Vapour?

Because the specific gravity of water vapour is less than atmospheric air, the proportions being as 1 to .623.

How are Bananas Propagated?

The seeds are practically atrophied, and so planting is done with a piece of the rhizome, or rootstock, containing a bud or eye, very much as potatoes are planted.

Can the Secretary Bird Fly?

Yes; when it desires to fly it runs a short distance, springs upward, and at first moves heavily and apparently with some difficulty; after a stroke or two of its wings it flies swiftly and gracefully. It is much more at home on the ground, where it spends most of its time.

What is the Difference Between a Star, Sun, and Planet?

A star is an immensely distant and vastly great heavenly body of intense heat that shines as a luminous point. The Sun round which our Earth revolves is a star, and stars are sometimes called suns. A planet is one of our Sun's family of worlds that revolve in orbits and rotate on their axes.

Does a Turbine-Driven Ship Require Another Engine to Reverse It?

The low pressure part of the turbine of a ship has within its casing a reverse turbine for driving the ship astern when necessary. Steam for this is admitted at the opposite end of the cylinder and the blades are so set that it revolves in the opposite or astern direction.

THE REAL AGE OF ADVENTURE

A Tale of the War Worth
Remembering

GERMAN PRISONERS ON THEIR HONOUR IN FRANCE

Not since the days of Queen Elizabeth have we been living in such an age of adventure as now, Dr. Rufus M. Jones, a leading American Quaker and professor, told some business men in London not long ago.

Dr. Jones paid a moving tribute to his friend the late Dr. Francis Peabody, who has been described at Guy's Hospital as "the greatest clinical physician of the age." It was he whom the Rockefeller Foundation selected to draw up the plans for the great Peking Medical College. Two years ago Dr. Peabody was told he had an incurable disease, said Dr. Jones, and at the height of a great career he looked death in the face. He set himself to live under new conditions. He was not satisfied to be resigned or to achieve serenity. What he did achieve was radiance. His friends never saw anyone more happy. He transmitted his spirit to everyone around him. "Don't talk to me about dying," he said, "it is the greatest adventure of all."

Missionary War Work

From his own experience Dr. Jones told the story of a real piece of missionary war work done on the Continent.

"We got the consent of the French Government," he said, "to let us have for 250,000 francs five great army dumps, the contents of which could be so usefully employed in helping the French peasants to reconstruct their shattered life. The railroad authorities gave us facilities free, but we had to have manual help. We asked the French Army to let us have 200 German prisoners. We told them we should not guard them with guns but should put them on their honour. If any of them ran away we would send the remainder back."

"Although we sold the material at a tiny price to the peasants we made two million francs out of the dealing and built a Maternity Hospital at Chalons which we presented to the French nation. We had a photograph taken of each prisoner, and reckoned what he would have earned had he been paid ordinary wages for his work. Then we sent some of our workers into Germany with the photographs and the money. They visited the family of every prisoner, gave a photograph to the relations, and put on the table the wages the man had earned. It was a small thing to do, but in 200 homes in Germany the whole attitude to the enemy was changed, and we got suddenly an insight of what it means to make an adventure of goodwill toward people who do not expect it."

THE TERRIBLE TWINS

Mr. Dirt and Mr. Danger were very unpleasant people who shared the same house with two young children whose names were Ted and Lou.

Their mother kept all the doors and windows closed lest the fresh air might harm her children, and so Mr. Dirt and Mr. Danger, together with Mike the Microbe (a horrid creature), flourished in the small house until Ted and Lou fell sick and began to feel that there was something wrong in their lives.

Then the villains were routed. The Goddess of Health, with her spirits of Sunshine, Wind, and Cleanliness, came through the opened windows and made bonny folk of Ted and Lou. Hurrah!

This little play for children has been issued by the Health and Cleanliness Council to impress boys and girls (and all of us) with the importance of open windows and clean hands.



The Health of School Children in December

IN December biting winds and drenching rain, fogs and sometimes snow are encountered, and the children's powers of resistance to severe weather conditions are tested to their utmost. Their reserves of health and vitality must be built up and maintained at their highest possible level.

Nourishment alone will do this, but the ordinary daily dietary does not contain sufficient of the rebuilding elements that are so essential for this purpose.

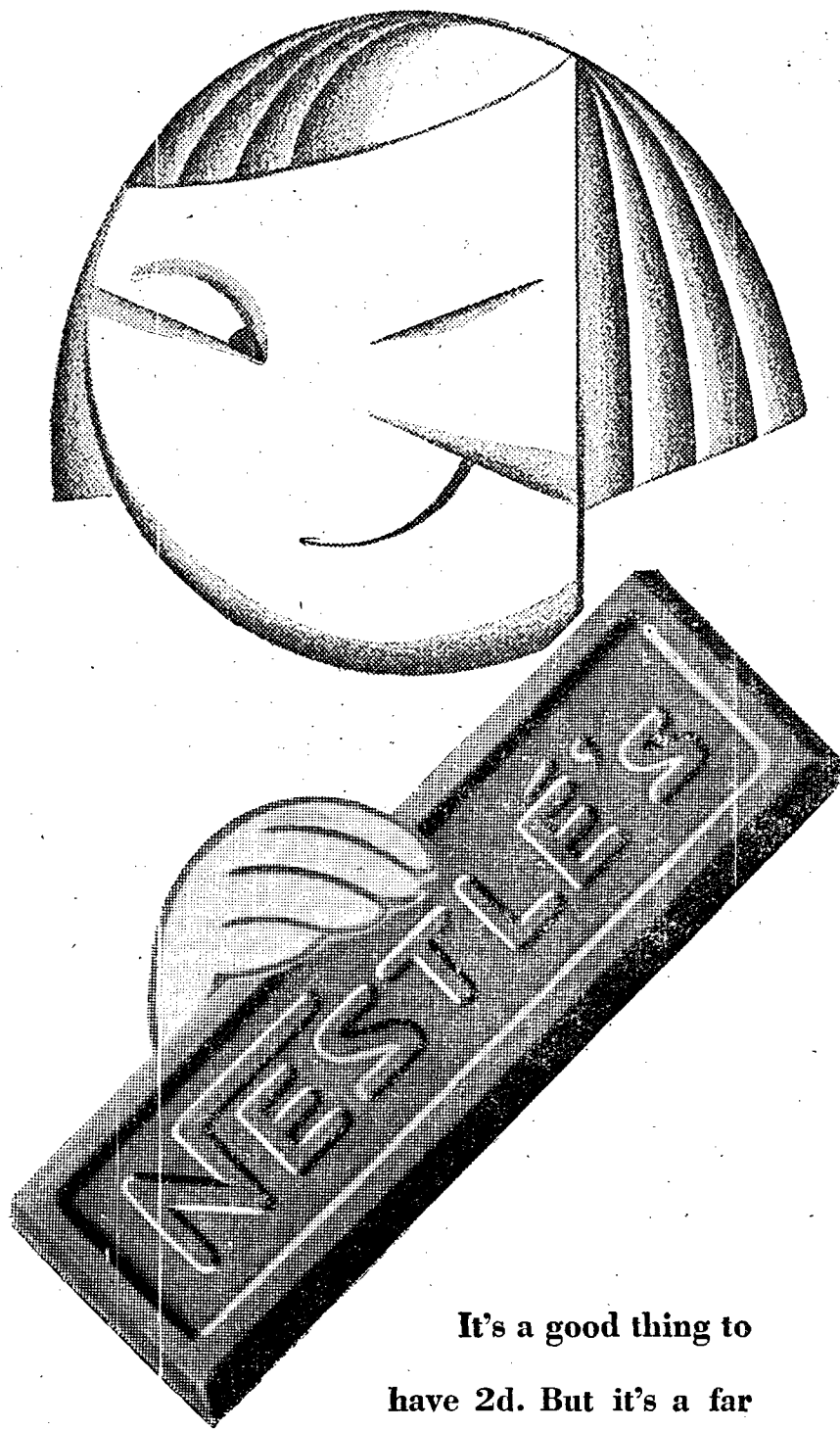
That is why the children especially need "Ovaltine" at this time. This delicious beverage contains the rich nutriment extracted from barley malt, creamy milk, eggs and cocoa—Nature's most nourishing foods. It provides, in a concentrated and correctly balanced form, all the food elements and vitamins that are necessary to maintain robust health and vigorous energy.

Children should always be given "Ovaltine" at breakfast time and mid-morning in place of tea, plain milk, and other beverages. Let them drink it also just before they go to bed. It builds up sturdy bodies and alert minds, and provides rich stores of health and vitality with which to face the winter.

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girls are so quick to change
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Nestlé's—the choc that's choc-
full of creamy goodness.

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MILK CHOCOLATE**

THE POEMS OF ST. JOHN ADCOCK

Collected Poems of St. John Adcock.
(Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

SOME of us walk down Fleet Street all unknown. Mr. St. John Adcock is one of its beloved and familiar figures.

For many years Mr. Adcock, who is editor of *The Bookman*, has ranked as one of the busiest of literary journalists, a critic with a comprehensive knowledge of the books of today that are best worth knowing. Also he is the author of many books of criticism, verse, stories, and sketches of London history and life. The wonder is how he has done so much. His output of energy and his range of interest are remarkable.

Now he has collected in this volume those poems of his that please him most, and those of us who know the quality of his verse are grateful to him for enabling us to see afresh the true meaning of his work.

Impulse of a Serious Aim

Unquestionably Mr. Adcock is a poet, and a rare one. He is a poet of many moods and modes, and each change of tone in thought, each change of style in expression, suggests more than versatility. Through it all we feel the impulse of a serious aim.

It is so whether he is seeking a faith that will serve him through life and death or is lashing with satire men's most hollow pretences; or whether he is finding refreshment in the ministries of Nature or in the kindly play of social feeling; or is flinging himself into the impersonation of an Australian soldier bent on settling accounts with Kaiser Bill: there is always a clear purpose in his method.

The dominant motive in the longer poems is the idea of back to Christ, which happily is now appealing so strongly to those who have the spiritual instinct. It appears in the *Prelude*, in which His return at Christmastide is pictured:

Christ sat among the Outcasts,
And made His Christmas there.

It reappears in *The Divine Tragedy*, picturing another return of Jesus into modern Society and finding another rejection by those who want no living Christ. It is implied in another form in *Tod MacMammon Sees His Soul*, a poem that, with flaying satire, traces to Heaven's gate a grasping money-grubber who has salved his conscience by trying to buy final bliss with benefactions that involve no sacrifice.

What is the faith of this serious poet? He states it thus in the poem *Exit Homo*.

It is my dream, my faith, my only creed,
That all the clue we need
To life hereafter lives within ourselves . . .
. . . As seeds strain up towards the light,
The soul within its night
Of flesh still yearns as it has ever done
To the Beyond and, reassured though blind,
Proves the eternity it seeks to find.
Could the seeds yearn to the light if there was none?

One of the notable features of this book is that it is touched by the influence of the expanding years, but that

does not make it sad, as the poem on *Manhood* shows.

Not till life's heat has cooled,
Its headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every purblind passion that had ruled
Our noisier years at last
Spurs us in vain, for, weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah, not till all the best of life seems past
The best of life begins.

To toil for only fame,
Hand-clappings and soon-silent gusts of praise,
For place, or power, or gold to gild a name
Above the grave whereto
All paths shall bring us, were to lose our days,
We on whose ears youth's passing bell has tolled,
In blowing bubbles even as children do,
Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies
Broken among our childhood's toys, for then
We win to self-control
And mail ourselves in manhood, and there rise
Upon us from the vast and windless height
Those calmer thoughts that are unto the soul
What stars are to the night.

In Lighter Vein

Our quotations have been serious, but C.N. readers have had long experience of Mr. Adcock's humour, though they may know it not. Here is an example of his muse in lighter vein. It is called *Under an Umbrella*.

Now and then, by chance, we gain
Joyance out of ills that irk us;
Someone met me in the rain,
Not a mile from Ludgate Circus;
No umbrella, when we met,
Kept me sheltered from the wet,
So (what blessings chance confers!)
Someone lent me half of hers.

Darkly o'er us frowned the sky,
All a sunless gulf abyssmal;
Round about us, far and nigh,
Gloomed the rainy streets and dismal;
From the sleek umbrella's tips
Ran the rain in drops and drips;
Underneath, as all could see,
Someone deigned to walk with me.

Those who could not shelter thus
Dodged the rain in three or four ways—
Called a cab, or caught a bus—
Many, niched in open doorways,
Watched the slanting lines descend,
Watched, and wished the shower would end;
Under someone's magic bower,
She and I forgot the shower.

Till, as Charing Cross we neared,
Someone, sudden wonder feigning,
Neath the damp umbrella peered,
Blushed, and laughed, "It isn't raining!"
Then I started, with a sigh,
"Do not shut it yet," said I;
"Let us, if the rain is done,
Keep it open for the sun!"

The war has thrown its shadow over the last part of the book, but much of that space is given up to ballads attributed to Lance-Corporal Cobber, an Australian recruit, who tells of his war experiences in ballad form, and who was firmly believed, in Australia, to be what he professed to be, but who really was St. John Adcock practising the free and easy Australian lingo.

A most excellent, delightful, and in every way entertaining volume of verse this, from many points of view, and we hope a multitude of C.N. readers will join us in being grateful to Mr. Adcock for it.

KEEPING THE APPLE WELL

THOUGH an apple a day keeps the doctor away, the apple has doctors of its own at East Malling.

There are doctors to watch it from its cradle in the apple blossom to its grave in the apple pie. At the East Malling research institute the twigs of the apple tree are bent in the way they should go. The roots are as carefully watched.

Apple-trees have their childish diseases, like measles in children. At Malling the diseases are studied and the remedies found. The trees are scrubbed, for among apples as among men, cleanliness is next to goodliness.

This is by no means all. Apples are great travellers. They have travelled all over the world as young trees, and have embedded themselves in Australia,

New Zealand, South Africa, America, and Canada.

Many of the English apples' descendants come home from these countries in ships, and some of them are bad travellers. They have to be kept down below freezing-point in the holds of the ships, and it has been supposed that they suffered from want of breath. They were too closely packed, perhaps.

All this is not certain, so at East Malling a model ship's hold has been built up. Here the apples are stored, frozen, and otherwise treated to see what happens to them, and what should be done and avoided to preserve them from the very weakening diseases of bitter pip and brown heart which sometimes assail them.

THE SHADOW

A Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 19 The Eyes in the Portrait

It was Mr. Scharner. But they had never known him so animated. His black coat had been exchanged for a light flannel jacket; his book for once was merely tucked under his arm; he was coming down the path at a brisk, lively gait, and humming a little tune in time with each step.

The merry air of the man whipped them both to astonishment.

"Why, what's come over you?" exclaimed Major Chris. "I never saw you looking so perky before."

Mr. Scharner laughed excitedly.

"No?" he retorted. Then he pocketed his book and, removing his hat, dabbed at his glistening forehead with a large handkerchief. "It's this weather, major!" he shouted. "It makes me a boy again! This glorious weather and your fine moorland air!"

"Well, you've managed to get hot enough," smiled Major Chris. "So you thought you'd come and cool yourself in the lime-walk?"

"Yes, indeed, it's cooler under the limes. I thought I would come to see how your chairman was framing."

"Sure to frame well if he's your pupil, Mr. Scharner! There!" the major smiled. "That's a compliment for you. As a matter of fact, friend Peter's a capital chair-pusher, and I've been wondering whether you would lend him to me for a day or two?"

"I certainly must," averred Mr. Scharner, with heartiness. "Work and this lovely weather don't fit, do they, Peter?" He began to hum his lively air under his breath again. "It is butterflies I shall be after next, on the moor," he said. "You must have some splendid ones here. Have they a net in the house, Major Ferne?"

"You are fond of butterflies?"

"I have quite a collection. I should like to show it to you. I wish I had brought it." Mr. Scharner paused reflectively. "I might perhaps," he uttered, "I might be able to send for it if you are interested. It isn't at Peter's home—"

Major Chris had interjected:

"That's good of you, Scharner. But butterflies don't entertain me unless they're alive. But I'll ask Abbot to lend you a net. I believe he has several."

Mr. Scharner cracked his long fingers.

"Splendid!" he cried. "I shall borrow a net and enjoy some long days on the moor. It was only Peter's work which stayed me before. But now that you are taking him off my hands I can go with an easy conscience after my butterflies. You think so, don't you?" he added with modest insistence. "I can gratify my hobby with a clear conscience?"

"And be doing me a kindness at the same time," replied Major Chris, as he signed to Peter to push. But when they were moving away he looked over his shoulder. "No, your conscience need not prick you, Scharner!" he cried.

That was the last word he spoke while Peter was taking him back, and though Peter made some remark he left it unanswered. At the foot of the terrace, where Abbot was waiting to help with the chair up the broad low steps at the side, it was Peter who remembered the butterfly net and asked Abbot if he had one to lend Mr. Scharner. The butler's round and rosy face puckered happily.

"And also," he promised, "I'll tell him the best spots to find them."

So, after lunch, with a big green net and a bottle Mr. Scharner started impatiently for the moor, and as Major Chris had gone to his room to rest Peter managed to get Charity to himself.

"I've never properly shown you the picture-gallery," she said. "It's too hot out of doors, Peter. Let's go up there."

"You've shown it me once!" Peter grumbled.

"Yes, but I never told you who all the old Grevels were," laughed Charity, alluding to the portraits which looked down so silently from all the length of the gallery's eastern wall. "I've been learning them up from Mother on purpose to tell you."

That settled it. And after Charity, proud of her memory and only having to correct herself once or twice—after Charity had shown him all these things came to the latest portrait, that of her father, which hung by itself near the window under the gables.

"That was painted when Dad came here after the war, after he had succeeded his uncle," she said.

"Yes," said Peter, recalling what Abbot had told him. "Your father never lived here before the Great War, did he?"

"Oh, no! He lived abroad before I was born, and he never expected to come into the property. You see, there were two lives, Peter, between him and it. Both were killed in the war."

Peter was staring steadily at the portrait. "Have you noticed," he whispered, "what a sad look it has in its eyes? Your father never looks sad like that, does he, Charity?"

She shook her head, and he saw a cloud cross her features.

"No," she said. "He's been so jolly—till lately." Her voice dropped as well. "He was always such good fun. But lately—" She broke off. "And Mother too," she added, half to herself.

"Why did the painter put such a sad look in his eyes?"

Charity moved restlessly, pausing a moment.

"I suppose because the sadness was there," she answered at last. "Painters can see things on faces which other people don't notice. One afternoon we had a Scotsman up here, and he stared at Dad's picture just as you were staring at it just now, Peter, but when Mother asked him what was impressing him so much his face changed and he wouldn't answer a word."

"Well, that meant nothing," said Peter, while she was hesitating.

"I haven't finished. Afterwards the Scotsman told Abbot something, and Mother got it out of Abbot. He told Abbot that the picture had got that look in the eyes which people have who are fated to die their weird—that was what he called it. That's what the Scots say for people fated to suffer. Oh, Peter! for people who can't get away from some fate."

Peter did not laugh, but he caught both her hands in his own and forced her head up and compelled her to look at him firmly.

"No, Charity, that's rubbish; that's rubbish," he uttered. "The Scots are full of ridiculous superstitions." He straightened his own lithe form. "And Charity, dear," he cried stoutly, "I don't see why painters should see more than other people see. There!"—he was laughing—"I've said 'see' three times in twelve words. That's what Mr. Scharner would call tautology!" Anything to clear that cloud from her face. "I say! I'd love to rummage in that old chest, Charity." He pointed to a black oak chest under the window.

"Mr. Inquisitive!" she retorted, with a faint smile.

"Well, do let's have a poke about in it. Shall we?"

CHAPTER 20 The Sword

It was a very old oak chest, very long and very deep, which had stood in the window as long as Charity could remember and was often used, she said, as a seat. It was hasped but not locked; she remembered once lifting the lid and glimpsing a lot of old curtains and things of that kind, and so she hadn't bothered to look any deeper. "Besides"—she laughed now—"I'm sure there's nothing worth while in it."

But the chest itself touched Peter's imagination.

"I should say," he declared, "it is hundreds and hundreds of years old. And look how big it is! Anyone could lie down in it. Oh, I wonder if people used to hide themselves in it."

"I don't know why they should," said Charity, sneezing, for he had jerked the chest open, releasing a big cloud of dust. "You can tell by the dust that it hasn't been opened for years, Peter. Oh, shut it down again; it's making me cough."

"Stand farther away!" he laughed, both his hands in the chest now.

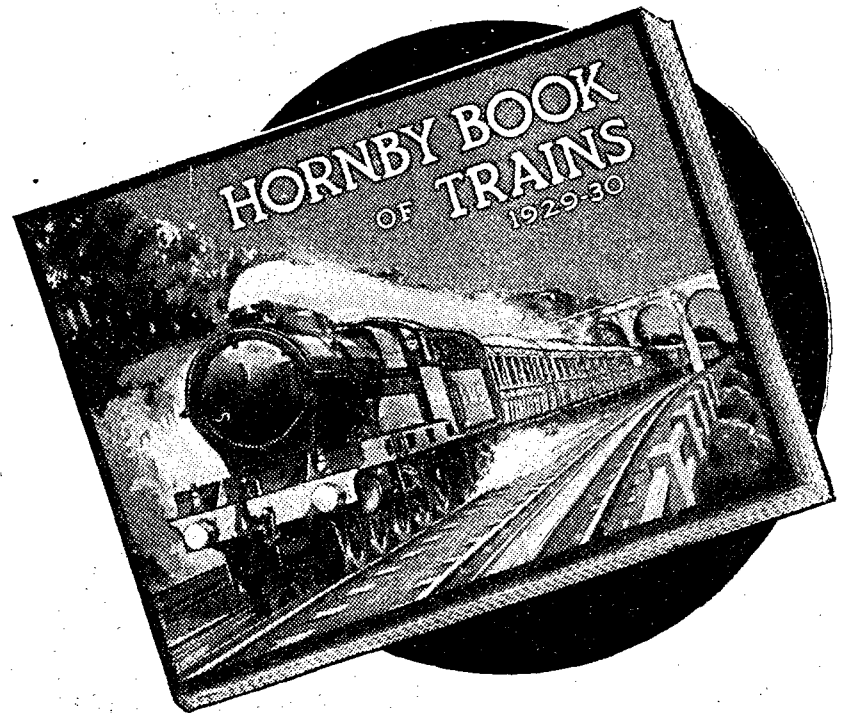
He tossed out some window hangings, or so she pronounced them, woven silk and flowered brocade, discoloured by time. Stooping lower and lower, he brought out a couple of work-boxes inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl. Then he came to a layer of linen yellow with age, sheets with the Grevel monogram at the corner.

"You'd never think Mother would keep sheets up here!" exclaimed Charity.

"But these were used before she was born," answered Peter. "And oh, a long time before that!" He was scrutinising one of the monograms. "Yes, here's a date. Eighteen hundred and something," he announced. "Linen hadn't been invented very long then. At least, it wasn't woven in England much before then. I know because I was reading about it with Mr. Scharner." His blue eyes shone eagerly.

Continued on the next page

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"Well, there's nothing in sheets to grow so excited about, Peter!" Charity said.

"But, Charity! Think!" he cried, as he lifted the sheets out, almost reverently, in order to get lower down. "When those sheets were being woven perhaps Waterloo was being fought. Or perhaps Napoleon was escaping from Elba! Or perhaps—"

Peter stopped with a gasp. He had pushed aside the last sheet and was standing rooted with his eyes at their widest.

"I wonder," he breathed, "if that's why the sheets were all piled on it?"

"All piled on *what*?" exclaimed Charity, darting forward. "What is it, Peter?"

"This!" he answered, drawing out what he had found.

It was a long, straight sword of no ancient design. Blade and hilt were dulled, but without fleck or tarnish, so that when Peter in the sunlight which streamed through the window gripped and brandished the sword once more it flashed as his mind could vision it flashing to the call of the bugles—how long ago?

There was no sheath with the sword, though he searched the chest for one.

A naked sword lying underneath piles of linen. At the bottom of the chest.

It fascinated him. It held Charity voiceless. She might have begun to babble about it and question; but there was that in the discovery which tied her tongue, some quality of secret and shrinking terror which crept from the sword to her, though she could not tell why.

With the armour in the hall there were many old swords, yet none of those had any power to stir her. From this sword, as Peter lifted it to the salute, this straight, long sword which by chance they had plucked from its hiding, there seemed to Charity to have stolen upon her some menacing challenge.

"Oh, I wish that we'd never found it," she said in a low voice.

"Look here!" Peter cried. "What I've found on the hilt."

A wisp of ribbon, faded, coiled round the hilt and now released and fluttering under his fingers. A ribbon in three colours: black, white, and yellow—a tricolour about the length of a pencil.

"Look!" he repeated. "This had been twisted tight round!"

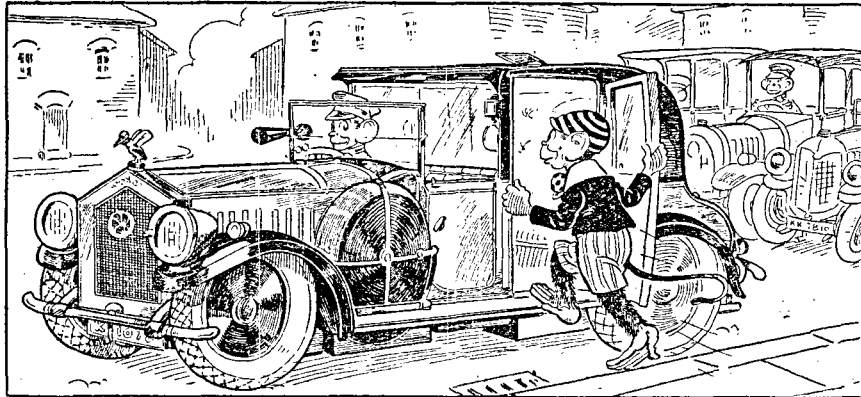
Continued in the last column

JACKO SAYS WHY NOT?

BIG Brother Adolphus had had a rise in salary. Father Jacko said it had gone to his head. For Adolphus had declared his intention of buying a car.

When Jacko tiptoed into his room one morning to borrow a collar-stud he found Adolphus immersed in a pile of motor catalogues. He was so intent on them that he made no objection when Jacko sat down on the bed beside him.

"Coo!" exclaimed Jacko suddenly. "These people are sports. Listen to this: 'The makers offer a trial run to intending purchasers. A postcard will bring a car and driver to any address at any time.'"



Jacko opened the door and jumped in

"They'll all do that if they fancy there's an order in the air," replied Adolphus. "As a matter of fact, I'm trying out that little model myself."

Jacko whistled. "When?" he inquired.

"Two o'clock," said Adolphus, glancing at his watch; and then he gave Jacko a cuff on the ear and put him out of the room.

"Swank!" muttered Jacko, and promptly forgot all about it.

But as he ran out of the house after dinner that day he found a smart-looking car in front of the house. As luck would have it, the smart-looking chauffeur in charge of it was just then looking the other way. Jacko glanced over his shoulder. There was no sign of Adolphus. Jacko ran forward, opened the door, and jumped in.

"Up to the common and back, my good man!" he ordered, in a lordly tone.

"Right, sir!" cried the man, getting busy.

Jacko grinned and leaned back. But his hopes of a glorious joy-ride were short-lived. There was a shout, and Adolphus, decked out in his best suit and a brand-new pair of canary-coloured gloves, dashed out of the house.

"Hi, Jacko!" he cried. "What are you up to?"

"Just trying out my new car," replied Jacko. And as Adolphus opened one door and sprang in, Jacko opened the other and sprang out.

"Oh, do put it back!" she entreated.

"You're shivering! You've gone quite white. It won't hurt you."

"Peter, don't touch it!"

He looked at her wistfully, but he put the sword back, laying the sheets upon it as he had found them, and then with care restoring the other objects. And when the chest had been closed and its lid had been hinged again they went down in search of tea with a silence between them.

His thoughts clung to the sword. His thoughts were behind him, upstairs, in the gallery, in the oak chest. Her thoughts were of the sword also. But hers brought it with them.

As they sipped their tea in the hall she kept closing her eyes, till at last Mrs. Grevel called to her "What is the matter? Why do you sit with your eyes shut? Are they hurting you, Charity?"

Charity jumped to her feet and found some gay answer. But she had been shutting her eyes to try to shut out the sword.

And Peter sensed her distress. And wondered and wondered. Nor would he make any mention of their discovery. "Because," he said to himself, "she wants to forget it."

But it seems that Charity must have mentioned it later to her mother, for just before dinner Colonel Grevel drew Peter aside, with "What's this I hear about a sword you've unearthed, Peter?"

So Peter told him. "There was some ribbon on it," he added. "A bit of three-coloured ribbon fixed to the hilt!"

"In the oak chest in the gallery?"

"Yes," nodded Peter. "But the sword hadn't a sheath."

"Why should it have a sheath?" Colonel Grevel asked, lightly. But why was the Colonel speaking in such a low voice?

"Because, sir," Peter answered, "one thinks of swords always with sheaths. I mean, when a sword's not wanted it lives in a sheath."

"Does it?" the Colonel murmured, looking at Peter with a gaze which seemed to pass to something beyond. "Aye, Peter, my man, a sheath's the best place for a sword."

He turned his head. Then looked at Peter again. "I shouldn't bother about it, Peter," he said. And there was a look in his eyes that made Peter wonder.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE HAPPIEST BOYS IN THE WORLD

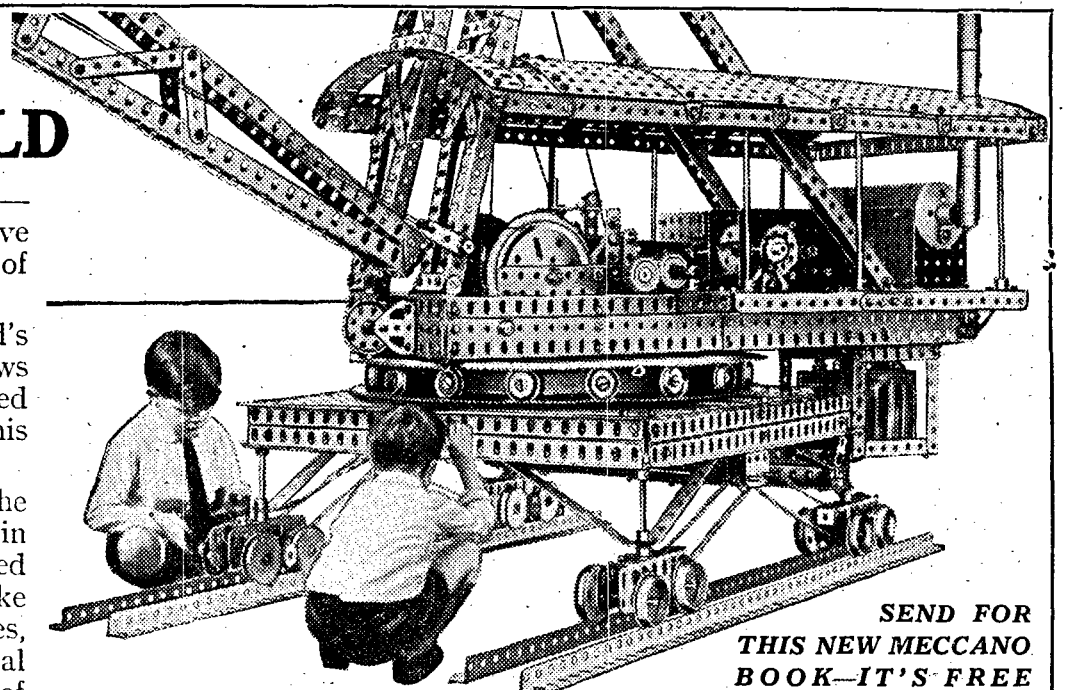
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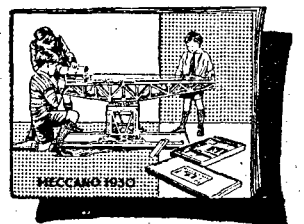


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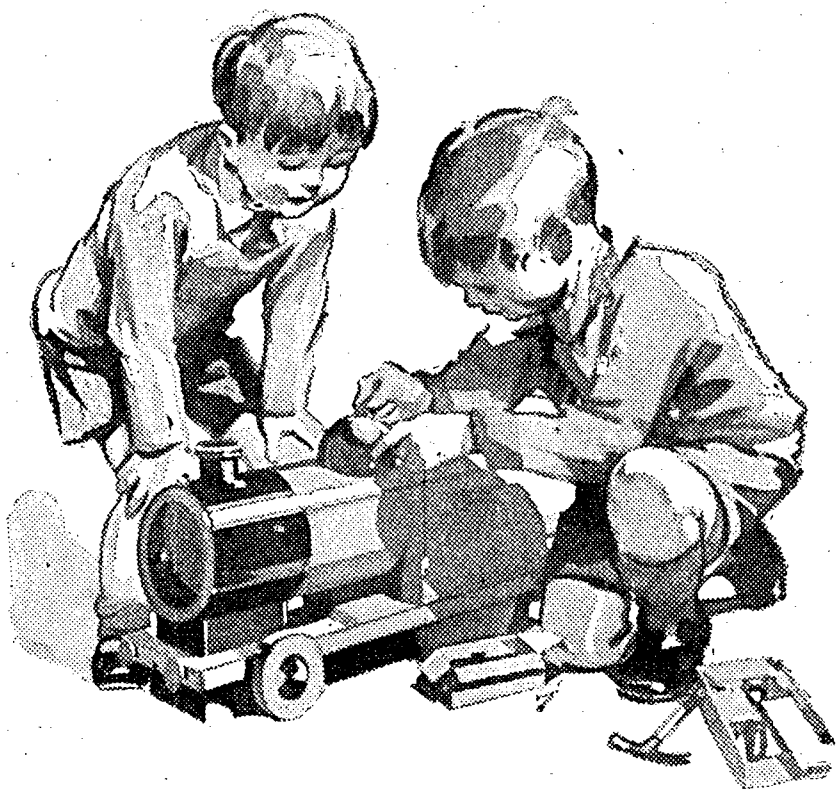
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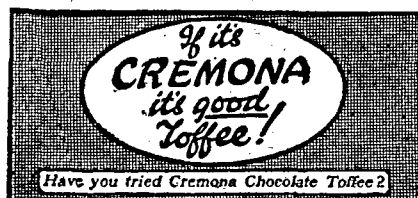
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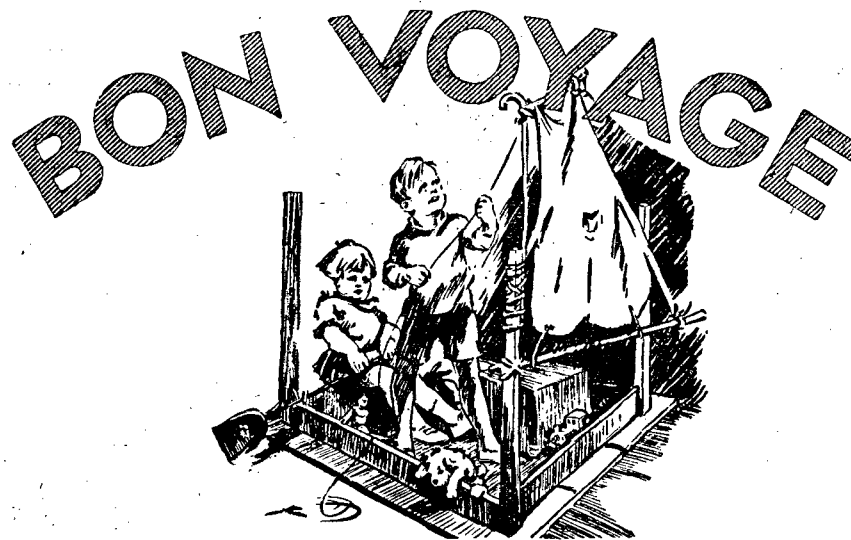
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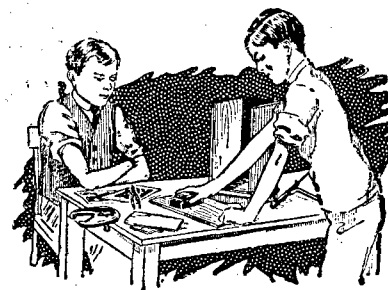
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Simply put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—"Vapex" acts as a gentle stimulant to the respiratory system. Wonderfully speedy because the vapour kills the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD



A Boy's Best Hobby

Everybody just loves fretwork. It provides real tools to handle, real things to make. Teaches him craftsmanship and keeps him happy in his spare time. Everyday articles are built in wood from designs supplied. Let him make his own Christmas presents.

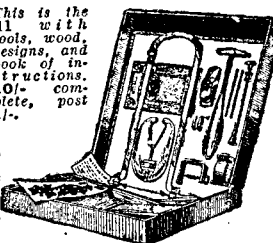
HOBBIES FRETWORK OUTFITS

Complete set of tools from 1/- to 45/-.
All British and reliable.

This is the 1st with tools, wood, designs, and book of instructions. 10/- complete, post 1/-.

FREE.

Interesting free lists of Outfits and a specimen copy of Hobbies Weekly free on application to Dept. 9, Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.



Obtainable from all leading ironmongers, Hobbies agents, and branches, or direct from Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk.

MASON'S GINGER WINE

MADE AT HOME



Delicious, warming, cheering. A 9d. bottle of Mason's Essence makes 100 glasses of Ginger Wine—as good as Ginger Wine can be.

Buy a bottle to-day from your GROCER, STORES or CHEMIST, or send 1/- and we will post a bottle and give you name of nearest agent.

NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd., NOTTINGHAM

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 30, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

THE BRAN TUB

Are You Alert?

HERE is a little test for your mental alertness. How quickly can you arrive at the answer to the following multiplication sum?

$$1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 6 \times 7 \times 8 \times 9 \times 0$$

If you are quick you will see that there is no need to work the sum by multiplying all the figures together. Answer next week.

Wild Flower of the Week

The Furze

THE furze or gorse has been called the Mark Tapley among plants because it is always ready to take advantage of any little sunshine and open its bright golden blossoms even in winter.



The name furze is supposed to be derived from fir, the plant being given the name because it is like a coniferous tree. Its other name of gorse is from a Welsh word meaning waste, given probably because it is found in waste places. Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist, said he thanked God that he had ever been allowed to see such a beautiful plant as gorse.

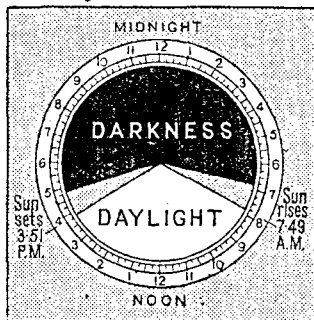
Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE pipistrelle bat is last seen flying before retiring for the winter. The grayling is now in its prime in the chalk streams of the South. The December moth is now seen: the female, unlike other female winter moths, having ample wings. The stoat puts on its winter coat of white in the North.

Hit It On The Head

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,
Hit it on the head;
Strike with all your might, boys,
While the iron's red.
When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
They who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Venus is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter is in the South - East and Uranus is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 5 p.m. on December 5.



A Rare Creature

THE letters in the names of five animals have been rearranged in the five groups given below. When the animals have been discovered, arrange them so that their initial letters form the name of a very rare creature.

TTAAEERN.
NROKGAOA.
UAAIGN.
OOUPMSS.
HGAPLNREA.

What are they?

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Un artiste Un animal Une hache

Ce jeune artiste peint un paysage.
Comment s'appelle cet animal-ci?
Voici une hache à deux tranchants.

Is Your Name Pease?

THIS surname comes from the vegetable, and was no doubt given in the first place to someone who grew pease and possibly supplied them to his neighbours.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns. The four weeks up to October 26, 1929, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	1929	1928	1929	1928
London	5553	5476	3408	3765
Glasgow	1584	1740	1020	1112
Manchester	1028	985	688	664
Dublin	737	816	415	436
Leeds	553	617	430	475
Edinburgh	538	552	426	415
Bristol	450	482	287	295
Newcastle	445	482	237	279
Nottingham	352	389	196	240
Cardiff	320	303	156	205

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Sharing the Apples The Animal's Cage
Tom 80 stwattibb
Dick 60 CROCODILE
Harry 48 rirnelor
What Am I? ALLIGATOR
November. plddslhmy

Jumbled Verse

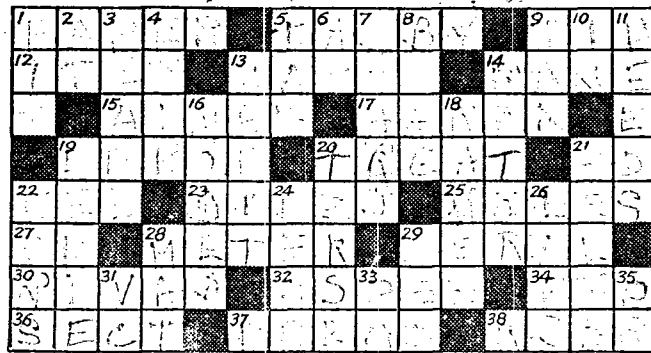
I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally;
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down the valley.

Who Was He?

The Young Poet was Keats.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Used for writing. 5. A cat. 9. A valuable metal. 12. Detail. 13. A lord's demesne. 14. Long hair on horse's neck. 15. One who throws. 17. A great High Priest. 19. A mistake. 20. An entertainment for children. 21. Paid.* 22. Snake-like fish. 23. Partaken of dinner. 25. Rodents. 27. Heraldic term for gold. 28. A thing that measures. 29. Untamed. 30. Snowy. 32. Quivering. 34. Please Turn Over.* 36. A religious body. 37. The staff of life. 38. Russia.*

Reading Down. 1. A deep hole. 2. Preposition. 3. A jewel. 4. An Arab prince. 5. A dark viscid liquid. 6. Indefinite article. 7. A plank. 8. A steep bank. 9. To convert hide into leather. 10. Enclosed. 11. Necessities. 13. Worth. 14. A machine. 16. To fashion. 18. A member of the crow family. 19. Weird. 20. Concise. 21. Skins. 22. Ages of time. 24. Close. 26. Takes up liquid with the tongue. 28. A floor-covering. 29. Provided with food. 31. A Most Envious Order.* 33. Child's name for father. 35. Conjunction.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Snubbed

THE telephone bell rang in the Chief's room, and the call was answered by the secretary, who had a great idea of his own importance.

"No, sir, Mr. Greatman is out," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Hang up the receiver," was the reply.

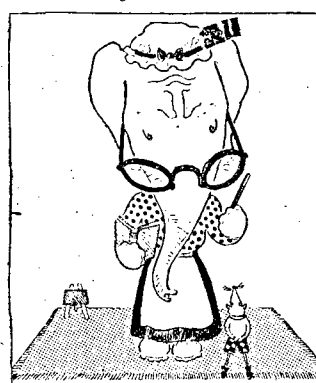
Missed His Vocation

DINER: So you call this chicken soup? You know, you are absolutely wasting your time here.

Waiter: How so, sir?

Diner: With an imagination like yours you should be a fiction writer.

What They Would Rather Be



The Elephant

THE elephant so passive,
So slow and greyly massive,
Has thoughts of something different to be.

She would be a schoolmarm stern,
From whom backward boys would learn

That 2 and 2 will never come out 3.

No Highbrow

CONVERSATION had been on a variety of subjects and at last it veered round to opera.

Mr. Newrich had not entered largely into the talk, but when a speaker asked those assembled if they knew the Barber of Seville, Mr. Newrich felt that his turn had come.

"I don't," he replied proudly. "But then my valet always shaves me."

Thrill

THEY were ordering their private Christmas cards.

"Here is a pretty one," said the shopman. "The price of this is seven-and-six for the first dozen, six-and-six for the second dozen, and five-and-six for the third dozen."

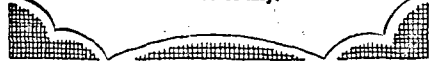
"Then I think we will have six of the third dozen, please," was the request.



Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper
What shall he eat
Brown bread and butter.

And with it of course
A morsel of cheese
With some **H.P. Sauce**
The palate to please.

Ask your Grocer for **H.P.**—the nicest
Sauce of any.



How do you wake?

Fresh, alert, with a real appetite for breakfast and your daily work? If not add a cup of the 'Allenburys' Diet at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. to your daily fare. Made from the finest selected whole wheat, rich creamy milk and an ample proportion of Vitamin D added, it is the ideal tonic beverage. Easily made and easily digested it gradually builds that great possession—a reserve of energy.



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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

BEVIS knocked at the old tailor's door and made a timid request that his overcoat might be repaired before school began.

"Tailor Jim has hurt his leg, and the doctor says he must lay in bed for a fortnight," was all the answer he was given.

"But how horrid!" said Bevis, with deep sympathy.

"Tis horrid for him—but worse for me to have him in the kitchen all day," replied Mrs. Jim tartly.

This was dreadful. Bevis and everybody else in the village loved Jim and disliked his sharp-tongued wife.

An awful fate indeed for Jim to be in the kitchen all day.

Bevis saw how it was when he came in, later on, with his gramophone and offered to lend it.

The little bedroom opened off the kitchen, and Jim had to have the door wide, as there was not much air.

Jim was looking pale and sad, and Mrs. Jim was whisking about, banging the pots and pans and muttering that one couldn't get on with a man in the way.

"If only I could sit up, Master Bevis, I would love to do your coat," Jim explained. "But I'll have to

lay on my back twelve days, and it's terrible wearisome."

"He seemed pleased with the gramophone, anyway," Bevis told his father.

The Rector lifted his eyebrows. "One thing I do know is that Jim can't bear music," said he. "I found it out when I asked him to come into the church choir."

"Then I wonder why he looked so delighted when I showed him the thing," said Bevis, looking puzzled.

"Perhaps it's just Jim's beautiful manners," suggested his mother.

But it wasn't only that. Next time Bevis passed the

WHEN TAILOR JIM WAS ILL

small red house the gramophone was playing, and the next time, and also the next time. And when he ventured to brave Mrs. Jim and go in and talk to Jim, lo, and behold! he caught her actually jazzing across the kitchen to the dresser. Old Mrs. Tailor Jim! And there was a smile on her face. The music had refreshed her, heart and soul.

"She loves music, though I can't abide it," whispered Jim, busy with changing the record. "You've just done the very kindest thing you could have done; for this illness is worse for her to bear than me. Bless you, Master Bevis."